THE

WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20. 1774.

On the Nature and Uſe of RICHES *and* POWER.

REASON forbids us to form vaſt deſigns. Ambition is uſeful to mankind, when it has their happineſs for its object. Great ſouls will naturally act in great ſpheres. Enlarged, enlightened, and benevolent minds, placed in favourable ſituations, neceſſarily extend their benign influences on all ſides, as far as their native forces can extend. It is requiſite to their own felicity to render others happy. This is the true ſenſe in which virtue is ſaid to be its own reward.

Why ſo many princes ſo rarely enjoy real happineſs, is, becauſe their weak and narrow hearts are unfortunately obliged to act in a province too large for their feeble energy to exert itſelf in. Its force is ſpent, like a candle in the air, before it can reach its ſurrounding objects; ſo that, from the inactivity, the indolence, and incapacity of ſovereigns, whole nations often ſuffer under wants and miſeries not deſigned, and oppreſſions not intended, from the unlucky fate of having rulers impoſed on them, who are equally incapable of rendering themſelves or their people happy.

On the other hand, kings of a too warm, active and turbulent nature, feel as if they could not breathe within any preſcribed ſphere, and, like the devil in Milton,

Who at one bound high overleap'd all bounds.

become the plague and affliction of the human race. Alexander's falſe heroiſm ſpread as much injuſtice and tyranny over the face of the earth, and he was himſelf as much diſcontented as the indolent deſpot whom he dethroned. Both their ſouls were equally unfitted for the rank or character they were unluckily placed in. Seneca ſays of this warrior, *Æſtuat infelix auguſto limite mundi; poſt Darium et Indos pauper eſt Alexander; inventus eſt qui concupiſceret* ALIQUID POST OMNIA. One would be apt to imagine, that ſovereignty naturally ran into extremes, we ſo ſeldom meet with other kings than *ſtorks* or *logs*.

The happineſs of mankind can reſult only from a concordance between our ſituations and deſires. Univerſal monarchy itſelf is no enjoyment to the poſ-

ſeſſor, if he knows not how to conduct it toward his own happineſs. It is a real evil if it renders himſelf unhappy, and a deteſtable abuſe of it if it makes others ſo. The greateſt princes are not generally ſo unhappy, nor their ſubjects unfortunate, but becauſe they firſt poſſeſs every means of good without making uſe of them, or becauſe they know only how to miſapply them.

A wiſe man on a throne, provided he be not ſo great a fool as Solomon *, muſt be the happieſt mortal breathing. A monarch of the greateſt power is incapable of procuring ſuperior organs, or different ſenſations from the meaneſt of his ſubjects. The only advantages he can boaſt, ariſe from the grandeur, the variety, the multiplicity of the objects which occupy his faculties; and which, giving a continual action to his mind, prevent it from ſtagnating, and become a burden to itſelf. If his ſoul be great and virtuous, for in ſuch a ſtation it muſt be both to render the poſſeſſor happy, he muſt feel his ambition fully compleated, in the conſciouſneſs of having his own deſires correſponding with the wiſhes of his ſubjects; and in the right he has to challenge the admiration and eſteem of other nations, from the reſpect and love he merits from his own.

Such are the conqueſts which nature and reaſon have pointed out to thoſe whom Providence hath deſtined to empire; and theſe objects are ſufficiently great to ſatisfy the moſt lively imagination, and moſt extenſive ambition. Potentates are never to be deemed the happieſt of men, but from having it in their power to create the felicity of a greater number of others, and by theſe means meriting the only elogy which can render incenſe to a noble or a liberal mind.

All praiſe is foreign, but of true deſert.

Theſe advantages of ſovereign power are enjoyed alſo by all thoſe miniſters or favourites who poſſeſs any ſhare in the government of nations: therefore grandeur, rank, and honours are deſirable objects to thoſe who know how to turn them to the account of their own happineſs. They are uſeleſs to others not bleſſed with the faculties or capacity of making them accrue to their own profit; but become a double misfortune, when in purſuit of them we forfeit our own happineſs, and ſacrifice that of others: and thoſe are ſtrangely infatuated who pay a deference or reſpect to men who employ the ſuperiority of talents or fortune to their detriment, which has a claim to honour only when we ſhare the fruits of it.

Riches, ſuperfluous to the miſer, who is but their anxious goaler, and deſtructive to the proſligate, whom they but afflict with diſeaſes, wearineſs and diſguſt, are capable of ſupplying the virtuous man with numberleſs acceſſions to his happineſs. It is madneſs or folly to deſire opulence without a proper ſenſe and determined purpoſe to make a right uſe of it. Money is but the repreſentative ſign of good. To realize it, we muſt employ it as the means of rendering good to others. Gold, by the arbitrary value fixed upon it among men, is capable of procuring us all the outward advantages of life; but the internal enjoyment of it muſt ariſe from a more liberal application of it than any idle vanity or ſenſual gratification can poſſibly afford us.

To have wealth without being capable of uſing it, is to be in poſſeſſion of the key of a palace too weighty to lift: to ſquander it is to throw the key into the river; and to abuſe it is to knock ourſelves down with it: but treaſures in the hands of a perſon of ſenſe and virtue are never any manner of encumbrance to him. If he has a great and noble ſoul, they will be but the counters of his benevolence; and he will relieve himſelf from the oppreſſion of their weight by portioning it upon many ſhoulders. He will be abſtemious in his pleaſures in order to enjoy them: he will know that money cannot recruit an exhauſted ſoul, faculties enfeebled by exceſs, or a body enervated to premature old age: he will know that luxury dries up the very ſource of pleaſure, and that all the riches of the Indies cannot reſtore a decayed ſenſe.

Nothing, therefore, can be ſo ridiculous or abſurd as the declamations of gloomy philoſophers againſt the deſire of power, grandeur, riches, or pleaſure. They have been all abuſed, and ſo have health and ſtrength. Why don't ſuch wiſe heads add theſe articles alſo to their catalogue of evils? and then the *vir ſapiens* of the Stoics would be a complete

* *Who declared all to be vanity and vexation of ſpirit.*

old beggar-man indeed. Thoſe forbidden objects are deſirable by us, when our condition in life will ſuffer us to pretend to them, and that we have ſenſe and virtue enough to turn them to our real advantage. Reaſon has no right either to condemn or deſpiſe them when we endeavour after ſuch emoluments, without invading the properties of others; and they riſe into objects of the higheſt eſteem, when they are adminiſtered toward the happineſs of mankind and ourſelves.

Pleaſure is a good, and it is natural to deſire it. Money is the ſymbol of moſt of the goods of life. It becomes a real one itſelf in the hands of thoſe who know how to render it ſo. Power is one of the greateſt goods in the poſſeſſion of men endued by nature and education with ſouls ſufficiently great, noble, and reſolute, to extend their benignant influences over whole nations, which are conquered by benefits, and made ſubjects in their wills. Such, and ſuch only, have a claim to empire. The right of one man to command another can be founded only in the happineſs or advantage he is able to confer on him. Without ſuch a title, to aſſume dominion is an act of violence, an uſurpation, a manifeſt tyranny. Reaſon or juſtice admit no other pretence for ſovereignty but the good of the community. Nature never made ſo partial a diſtinction as a throne; and the people can never be ſuppoſed to have conferred ſuch power and dignity upon any other terms but their own ſafety and happineſs.

What an ignorant ſuperſtition, then, muſt it be in men to look upon kings in any other light than this! Let them boaſt their *jus divinum* as much as their paraſites pleaſe, they will hardly preſume to carry this title higher than it is claimed in religion; and our duty and devotion to heaven itſelf are required upon no other conditions but the paſt benefits received from nature, and thoſe future ones promiſed by the goſpel. The King of kings exacts our obedience to his laws for our own advantage only; and ſhall "man, proud man, dreſſed in a little brief authority†," dare to challenge a more diſintereſted homage?

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c. Z.

† *Meaſure for meaſure.*

Compariſon between FRANCIS I. *of* FRANCE, *and* HENRY VIII. *of* ENGLAND.

HENRY VIII. and Francis I. were co-temporary monarchs, and rivals in glory and in ſway. They were both men of much perſonal courage, ſtrength, agility, and ſkill in all kinds of martial exerciſes; nor was either of them deſtitute of mental abilities; but each was guilty of errors or of crimes ſufficient to have made him deſpiſed, if not hated, by his people; yet both were popular while alive, and each is ſtill viewed by his countrymen with an eye of admiration and regard.

The only way perhaps of accounting for this ſingularity in the fortune of theſe two monarchs is, that the vices and foibles of each were peculiarly thoſe of his nation; or, at leaſt, were blended with ſo many national virtues and accompliſhments as took off their natural deformity. Their characters have many reſembling features, though by no means a general likeneſs.

The character of the French monarch is thus drawn by the impartial part of his countrymen. Francis I. was a prince, who, to a taſte for all kinds of bodily exerciſes, joined the addreſs neceſſary to excel, and who poſſeſſed a conſtitution that enabled him to proſecute them without endangering his health. He had not that auguſt air which is often the greateſt merit of grandeur, but there was a frankneſs in his whole carriage which inſpired confidence, and led to love. To find acceſs to him it was not neceſſary to have rank, reputation, or birth: it was enough to be a ſubject—or even a man. His converſation contained whatever can amuſe; wit, knowledge, humour, and vivacity. He ſpoke a good deal; and, when any thing particular engaged his attention, too much. The love of praiſe, which has ſometimes exalted the princes who had it, but which has oftener proved their ruin, was his predominant paſſion. His character gave him a right to renown; and he would have obtained it leſs ſuſpiciouſly if his flatterers had not overdone it. Different from the generality of able princes, who almoſt never form a project whoſe very failure will not be attended with ſome advantage, he conſidered only the luſtre of the event; he never reflected, that, in the affairs of

kingdoms, glory is almoſt always inſeparable from utility. Thoſe violent ſteps which are never taken but in deſperate ſituations, or when inſpired by a conſcious ſuperiority of force or of genius, were familiar to him: the romantic ſpirit of his age, and the natural precipitancy of temper, prevented him from ſeeing the difficulty of an undertaking, or his own inability to execute it. Tho' anxious to extend the regal authority, he never governed his kingdom himſelf, but abandoned it ſucceſſively to the caprices of the ducheſs of Angouleme, to the paſſions of his miniſters, and the rapacity of his favourites. He had an oſtentatious honour, which made him keep his word with his enemies: the real principles of honour would have taught him to extend the ſame probity to his ſubjects, and have reſtrained him from robbing them of their natural and conſtitutional rights. Jealouſy, which is as common and more dangerous on the throne than in private life, never once ruffled his boſom: he was a ſoldier; he thought himſelf a general, and praiſed without reſerve, and even with pleaſure, whoever had performed a brave or a gallant action in war. The fire that warmed the beginning of his enterprizes was ſuddenly extinguiſhed, beyond the poſſibility of being fed by ſucceſs, or rekindled by diſgrace; he was only capable, if one may ſo ſpeak, of crude ſentiments and abortive efforts. As he had a good deal of mental ſtatelineſs, and but a moderate ſhare of reflection, he ſcorned diſſimulation, and paid too little regard to appearances. Candour, humanity, and generoſity, which have in all ages been the baſis of the beſt founded reputations, were the ruin of his: the firſt of theſe virtues made him betray his ſecrets; the ſecond only inſpired him with a womaniſh compaſſion for the oppreſſed people whom he ought to have ſuccoured; and the laſt made him laviſh upon his favourites what was due to the ſervants of the ſtate. His adminiſtration was accompanied with all diſorders which diſhonour the reign of a credulous, vain, inconſtant, inexperienced, unprincipled ſovereign, irreſolute and ignorant of mankind; yet Francis was beloved while alive, and his memory is ſtill dear to the French nation.

Henry VIII. according to our moſt authentic hiſtorians, had an engaging countenance, a commanding air, and a robuſt perſon. The rigid and even abſolute authority which he maintained over his ſubjects at home, and the conſideration which he acquired among foreign nations, have juſtly obtained him the title of a great prince; but for that greatneſs he is much indebted to circumſtances: he wanted that diſcernment, that temper, that political coolneſs, which is neceſſary to a wiſe monarch; and his tyranny and cruelty ſeem to exclude him from the liſt of good kings. He inherited from nature many of the advantages of a warrior; firmneſs, courage, intrepidity, vigilance: and, if theſe great qualities were not always directed by a clear and ſolid judgment, they were accompanied by an active and vigorous ſpirit.

Every one was afraid to contend with a man who never yielded, and never pardoned; who always reſolved to humble his adverſary, or ruin himſelf. The catalogue of his vices includes the greateſt part of which human nature is capable; violence, injuſtice, cruelty, arrogance, preſumption, obſtinacy: but theſe vices in him, were neither in their laſt degree, nor without a mixture of virtues. Henry was ſincere, open, brave, liberal, and capable at leaſt of a temporary attachment; nor can it be doubted but the treatment which he received from the court of Rome, ſoured his temper, and gave birth to moſt of the violences and cruelties which diſfigure his character. In this conteſt, however, his greatneſs appears moſt conſpicuous: he carried it on with an heroic firmneſs: and broke, with manly boldneſs, the chain of ſuperſtition, at a time when all the princes of Europe were groaning under its weight. The extenſive prerogatives of the crown, which he was always willing to enlarge, and the ſubmiſſive, not to ſay ſervile diſpoſition of his parliament, enabled him to uſurp and maintain that abſolute dominion which diſtinguiſhes his reign in the annals of England. Yet, ſurprizing as it may ſeem, notwithſtanding his deſpotic adminiſtration, Henry was never hated by his ſubjects; nay, he was never indifferent to them: and towards the end and in the beginning of his reign, he appears to have been really dear to them. His kingly preſence, his engaging, tho' blunt freedom of manners, his magnificence and perſonal valour, ſtrongly captivated the minds of the people. If to theſe dazzling qualities we add his con-

ſequence as a prince; if we reflect, that an emperor condeſcended to ſerve under him, and to receive his pay; that during his whole reign he held in his hands the balance of Europe, we ſhall not wonder that his failings were forgot by a nation proud of dominion, and that the heart of every Engliſhman yet leaps at the name of Henry VIII.

If from a general contraſt, we come to a particular compariſon of the characters of theſe two monarchs, we ſhall be ſtill more able to eſtimate their ſeveral merits, as princes and as men. They both, as has been obſerved, poſſeſſed much perſonal courage, and many other qualities of the warrior; but Henry's valour had more of the ſoldier, and leſs of the knight-errant in it. Francis was more romantic than heroic, and more heroic than determined. Had Henry been endowed with that penetration and ſteadineſs which is neceſſary to the political eminence, and the acquiſition of empire, he might have been the maſter inſtead of the arbiter of Europe; and a moderate ſhare of the ſame capacity would have enabled Francis not only to protect his dominions, but to baffle the ambitious projects of his conqueror, Charles V. Each enlarged the prerogatives of his crown, and both were guilty of many oppreſſions; but Francis had more neceſſities to plead for his conduct, and poſterity ſeems partly to have admitted the apology. Both were much addicted to women. Francis's paſſion for the ſex made him guilty of more weakneſſes, Henry's of more enormities: but France was more hurt by the one than England was by the other. Henry never allowed his wives to rule: Francis's miſtreſſes ruled both himſelf and his kingdom. This is the moſt diſtinguiſhing feature in their characters. To her monarch's gallantry, not leſs than to his vanity, France owes the revival of learning, and Francis the appellation of father of letters; and to Henry's luſt, more than to his piety, England is indebted for the reformation, and her kings for the title of head of the church. Yet Francis was a literary enthuſiaſt, and Henry a ſuperſtitious bigot. Let thoſe, therefore, who would decide the compariſon between theſe two monarchs, view them in their moſt ludicrous, as well as their moſt reſpectable light; let them behold Francis iſſuing a decree from the throne againſt the curſing of Ariſtotle, and Henry diſputing on a ſtage againſt the tenets of Luther.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Sine doctrina vita eſt quaſi imago.

SIR,

THOUGH ſome may find difficulty in admitting the opinion of Mr Locke, and others who aſſert, that the human ſoul, in its beginning, is a mere *tabula raza*, without any ideas, principles, or impreſſions; yet it cannot be denied, that when we trace back our progreſs, in various branches of improvement, we find ourſelves ſo much indebted to learning and inſtruction, that were we to ſuppoſe even the genius of a Newton or Archimedes intirely cut off from theſe aſſiſtances, they would never make any tolerable figure, or attain to any degree of perfection in the different departments of ſcience that reſpect the ornament or accomodation of human life. Their mind, like their body, would come naked into the world, and naked would it return, unenriched with knowledge and unennobled by virtue.—If man had an ample fund of happineſs within himſelf, whence is it that he is continually abroad ſeeking for foreign amuſements? Amuſements, which are of no other uſe but to keep off troubleſome and ungrateful impreſſions, and make us ſenſible of the tedioufneſs of life; amuſements! which rather ſuſpend a ſenſe of uneaſineſs, than give any ſubſtantial ſatisfaction, and keep the ſoul in an equal poiſe between pleaſure and pain. And is this the great end of our being? Suppoſe we could attain it, yet it is better not to be at all, than be miſerable, and certainly juſt not to be miſerable is much at one with not to be at all. Whence is it that that reſtleſs thing the ſoul, too enterpriſing to trace every thing elſe, yea the deep things of God, is yet too cowardly to inquire into itſelf, and to view the workings of that ever-loved, yet ever-avoided object? Whence is it that the mind, whoſe active energy prompts her to give a free and unconfined range to her thoughts in other ſubjects; nay, to make, if it were poſſible, the tour of the whole univerſe, yet when ſhe comes to dwell at home, and ſurvey the little world within, flags in

her vivacity, feels herſelf in a forlorn condition, and finds a drowſineſs and melancholy hang upon her. What is it that makes ſo wide a difference betwixt one man and another? a difference greater than what ſubſiſts between the human ſpecies and ſome creatures of an inferior order! Whence is it, that ſome are capable to trace the orbits of the diſtant ſtars, and unhinge, as it were, the frame of nature? Whilſt others, ſouls of mud! are damned perpetually to drudge in ſeeking fuel to cheriſh the flame of ſenſuality, and can reliſh no higher enjoyments than thoſe of the dog, which delights in his vomit, or the ſow that returns to her wallowing in the mire? It proceeds from neglecting, in the early period of life, to turn our thoughts into a right channel, and to furniſh the mind with that ſtock of learning which adorns proſperity, and affords ſupport and comfort in adverſity.—In proportion as our love for contemplation increaſes, a reliſh for criminal pleaſures will deaden and abate. The more variety of knowledge the mind is inriched with, the more channels there will be to divert our thoughts into. When once the ſoul, which has a reſtleſs activity, and muſt be at work, is provided with proper materials to work upon; when once early habit has made a rational and ſolid train of thinking eaſy to you, you will be, comparatively ſpeaking, happy, unleſs ſome uncommon diſaſter befalls you, for the remaining term of your life. The learned man is never at a loſs for want of company; he can converſe with himſelf, and may ſay with that excellent Roman, *Nunquam minus ſolus quam cum ſolus*: "I am never leſs alone than when alone." Moſt other pleaſures, beſides thoſe of knowledge, are either idle diverſions to ſoothe the ſoul into a forgetfulneſs of its miſeries, and to make life paſs away unperceived; or they are tumultuous joys, which put the ſoul into a ferment, and give it too violent agitations: But your pleaſures will be the perfections of human nature, and yourſelf an ornament to it. Reading and thinking will quicken all the ſtill ſcenes of life, and direct you in all the buſy parts of it. Whereas if you neglect this early culture, you will fall into the moſt uneaſy ſituation of mind, that of being weary of yourſelf, and yet be incapable of reliſhing any company but what is as poor and uninſtructive as your own. Your time will be a burden to you, and yourſelf (for ſuch is that man who does little or no good) an uſeleſs burden to the public. He who is deſtitute of learning muſt have recourſe to a thouſand trifles to fill up the mighty void of thought, to ſhut out that importunate intruder, ſelf-reflection, and to keep off that ſullenneſs which muſt come upon a mind conſcious of no intrinſic worth: And when a few years are thus elapſed, each ſucceeding one more flat and inſipid than itſelf, you can have no reaſon to wiſh for a longer continuance in this world, but merely becauſe you dread that ſomething after death, what may be your condition in "that undiſcovered country, from whoſe bourne no traveller returns." Idleneſs will either end in a confirmed ſtupidity, or it will break out into an ill-natured activity, into ſpleen, freſtfulneſs, and impatience; juſt as it meets with a phlegmatic or warm complexion. The ſoul, when withheld from its proper ſphere of action, either ſettles into a liſtleſs ſtagnation, or it preys upon itſelf, and contracts a rancorous eagerneſs of ſpirit, diſſatisfied with itſelf, and out of humour with every thing elſe. Learning, on the other hand, application and induſtry will ſhut up all the avenues to temptation, fill the compaſs of our minds, and exclude thoſe vicious ideas which will be laying cloſe ſiege and preſſing for admittance. The ignorant man is actually in a ſtate of blindneſs, incapable of judging between what is beautiful or excellent and its oppoſite; and I would no more depend on his opinion than on that of Mr Locke's blind man, who thought that the colour of ſcarlet reſembled the ſound of a trumpet.

Before I conclude, I beg leave to caution againſt an error, which young men are apt to fall into in the courſe of their ſtudies, and which I have known to be attended with bad conſequences. Many imagine that it is enough if they read a great number of books, without regard to the choice of them. I have been entertained with the chat of a pedantic coxcomb, who will ſpend half an hour in recounting the multiplicity of publications he has peruſed, or rather turned over, although he knew no more of them perhaps than the title page or the name of the author. Be not deceived; books are like food, which profits not ſo much from its quantity as quality, and

like it too, if they are not thoroughly digeſted, they are more ready to hurt than nouriſh. He who has no reliſh in reading, but indiſcriminately conſumes time in conſulting every uſeleſs volume, will find at length that he has laboured under an egregious miſtake. By this method he defeats his own intentions, and makes all his ſchemes of improvement turn out abortive: Like a man who has ſeveral ultimate ends, he can purſue none of them vigorouſly, but after much fruitleſs labour will find himſelf juſt about where he began. * "When I ſee a man thirſting after univerſal knowledge, and running from the purſuits of one ſcience to another, I think I ſee a child gathering ſhells on the ſea ſhore: he firſt loads himſelf indiſcriminately with any that preſent themſelves; then, tempted by others of a gayer colour, he caſts the former from him; he goes on chuſing and rejecting, till tired and diſguſted he throws the whole away, and returns home without a ſingle ſhell." Yours, &c.

SINCERUS.

Near L——k.

On CONTENTMENT.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

That GOD, *ſo good and wiſe, the world ſuſtains*
And rules in equity: his wide domains
Contentment yield—that balm which heals the mind
Wounded by lawleſs power, or friends unkind. ANON.

SIR,

INSATIABLE is the thirſt of gold in this age of luxury; and mankind, unawed by the authority of heaven, and unreſtrained by principles of virtue, employ fraud, rapine, and every diabolical art, to ſecure the poſſeſſion of wealth. That ſucceſs, which too often crowns their unhallowed attempts, begets an irreligiouſneſs of mind, and emboldens them to throw off all reſpect for the Deity, affords the means of gratifying their irregular deſires, and renders them, by their example and vices, the peſts of ſociety. By viewing the former, many are led to an imitation deſtructive of true happineſs; and others, who live within the turbulent circle of the latter, feel the immediate effects of angry and revengeful paſſions. In ſober, but inattentive minds, deſtitute of opulence, ſtruggling with diſeaſes, or loaded with oppreſſion, ſuch a ſcene is apt to raiſe ſome doubts of Providence's ſway, and excite apprehenſions of the negligence or partiality of divine adminiſtration. They are ready to exclaim, "Wherefore do the wicked 'live, become old, yea are mighty in 'power?" For the ſame reaſon, one would think, that thoſe who are regaled with the ſweets of luxury, and ſail gently down the current of proſperity, ſhould acknowledge, with reverence, the determinations of the Almighty, if it were but to hold themſelves forth as the diſtinguiſhed favourites of heaven. Alas, their perpetual hurry and diſſipation prevent ſuch a ſmall approach to devotion as this! They only take it for granted, without inquiring how, or for what purpoſes their riches have been beſtowed, that they are born to ſhine and domineer, to be as impious and immoral as they pleaſe, ſaying, "Who is Lord over us?" Thus the operations of Providence are diſregarded or diſtruſted: the great are elated, exerciſe their power without feeling, and live without controul: the poor are depreſſed, cheriſh a deteſtation of their oppreſſors, and languiſh in the path of virtue. Both are in an error. Perhaps I ſhall not be able to perſuade the rich and powerful to reſign their overbearing pride, to reſtore what they have unjuſtly or violently taken away, leſt it give life to the worm that never dies, and to behave in a manner more expreſſive of veneration for that Being to whom they are indebted for all their ſplendor; but I hope to prevail with you, who are placed in lower ſtations, to be ſatisfied with the wiſe and impartial diſpoſitions of your merciful heavenly Father, by which the felicity of all good men ſhall be finally eſtabliſhed. Lay the foundation of your contentment in a pious and abſolute ſubmiſſion to his will; exert your activity in obſerving his laws, and diſcharge, with induſtry, every ſocial and moral obligation. "Who can 'harm you if you be followers of that 'which is good?"—Are food, raiment and houſes as a protection from the injuries of the weather, granted you? What have the wealthy more? Their delicacies, finery and palaces, by familiarity loſe their charms. Wealth is given as a

* *Rouſſeau's Emilius.*

talent for improvement rather than a reward of merit. If miſimproven, the holders become more infamous and miſerable. Rank and power are dangerous, becauſe in fact they are generally ſubverſive of virtue. Since they are ſo hazardous, who, that wiſhes to be ſecure of happineſs, would covet them? Who, that conſiders them as derived independent of perſonal merit, can be vain of them? And, ſince they have a tendency to involve the mind in all the dreadful conſequences of an alienation from God, is it conſiſtent with ſound policy to ſacrifice to them the objects of a ſacred and heavenly ambition?—You are charmed with the externals of pomp; but you would ſtart back appalled, as from a ſyren-deſtroyer, if you knew what corroding cares are lodged within: So a ſerpent's ſkin preſents to the traveller's eye a beautiful aſſemblage of colours. He ſteps forward to ſeize the glittering ſpoil, and the envenomed ſting quickly cures him of his admiration and deſire. Your toil in earning a moderate ſubſiſtence is light when laid in the balance with that laborious attention, expence of thought, reſtleſs anxiety, and nauſeous diſguſt, which the managers or ſquanderers of immenſe fortune ever feel. If you complain that the narrowneſs of your circumſtances expoſes you to neglect or injuſtice, are not the ſame complaints loud enough among the ſons of opulence, in conſequence of a real or fancied inequality? One is preferred, and another diſappointed:—Great power is juſtled and overcome by a greater:—their intereſts and views interfere; and the loſing ſide is irritated and embarraſſed. If you faithfully ſerve God while your ſuperiors diſhonour him (a conduct into which affluence and the unſubſtantial principles of a frivolous age too eaſily betray them), how vaſt will the difference be at the great day of retribution, when the Judge ſhall ſay to you, "Well done, good and 'faithful ſervants, &c.;" and to them, "Depart from me, ye curſed, &c."—The preſent gaiety of lofty ſinners will naturally heighten their future torments; and in like manner thoſe habits of ſelf-denial and patience, to which you are now trained by the parſimony of fortune, ſhall enhance the delights of paradiſe. Nay, even in this world, circumſtances the moſt gloomy and unpromiſing have, contrary to your expectations, produced the moſt pleaſing fruits of joy and tranquillity; apparent evils have terminated in real good, and meditated wrong, yea actual injury and fraud, has proved advantageous to a ſuffering family; an inſtance of which I ſhall relate, after reminding you that ſtriking interpoſitions of Providence are exhibited, to teach us that oppreſſion ſhall not finally triumph; that the minuteſt tranſaction in human affairs does not eſcape the notice of the wiſe and benevolent Governor of the world; and that the virtuous and innocent ſhall one day, either here or hereafter, meet with ample compenſation.

Mr Leſlie, the repreſentative of a reſpectable family in the north, poſſeſſed an eſtate of conſiderable extent; but partly through extravagance, and partly by lending to his indigent and profuſe companions without ſecurity, he found himſelf at length deeply embarraſſed. At this time, one Morton, his uterine brother, taking advantage of his weakneſs, and repreſenting the diſmal conſequences of an adjudication, importuned him to make over his whole eſtate to him, for the conſideration of a ſum of money in hand, and a ſmall annuity during life. This eaſy man, either not underſtanding his own affairs, or unwilling to exert himſelf in winding them up, conſented to the terms, though they were far from amounting to an equivalent. The diſpoſition in favour of Morton was compleated and ſigned; but, in drawing the compenſatory deed to Mr Leſlie, the promiſed ſum of ready money was purpoſely omitted. The unſuſpecting man complained, and refuſed to accept; upon which his worthy brother, with all the indifference in the world, obſerved, that he had his diſpoſition in his pocket, and he might do as he pleaſed. However, to ſoothe his temper, and prevent a public diſquiſition, Morton aſſured him, that he ſhould never be in want as long as he himſelf had a ſixpence: that he would beſtow the ſum in queſtion upon his ſon; and even, if he ſhould die without heirs, would leave him the whole of his paternal eſtate, which he ſhould be able to clear and preſerve. Thus cajolled and deluded, poor Leſlie accepted and compleated the contract.

For ſome years he made a tolerable ſhift to live; and as Morton, though married, had no legitimate children, he often told young Leſlie, in preſence of his relations, that he would bequeath to

him the remains of his father's fortune at his death: But theſe ſentiments of apparent liberality ſoon forſook his breaſt. The youth, arrived at a time of life which made it neceſſary for him to begin the world, as it is called, applied to his uncle for a ſmall ſum. The trial proved the baſeneſs of his heart. Notwithſtanding his repeated promiſes, he refuſed to contribute a ſingle farthing. Oppreſſed with grief, the father borrowed a little money upon his annuity, hoping that his brother would relent. This project diminiſhed his ſcanty allowance. Old age, with its helpleſs infirmities and inconveniencies, came on, which multiplied his wants. Diſeaſe united with poverty to ſink his ſpirits, and increaſe his ſorrows. He petitioned his brother for an addition to his annuity, or at leaſt an occaſional ſupply; but he had not a heart to ſympathiſe with a brother's woes. He forgot that the ſame womb had carried them both. He was deaf to the calls of humanity.—Some feeling friends interpoſed, and attempted to ſoften him. He anſwered, I owe him nothing. They replied, compaſſion ſhould plead for a helpleſs man. He grew more outrageouſly obſtinate. By a multitude of examples he juſtified his inhumanity, till poor Leſlie, loaded with years, waſted by pain and want, and without attendance, was found one morning, by his inquiring neighbours, ſtretched on the bed of death!—Having eaten nothing for ſeveral days, exhauſted nature at laſt ſunk down into the grave, where the weary are at reſt, and hear not the voice of the oppreſſor. Say, ye powers of ſenſibility! what pangs the cruel Morton endured when the news of this cataſtrophe reached him?—He heard them without emotion!—Did he ſhed a tear?—His heart was flint, and he had none to ſhed. Steeled by avarice, he fortified himſelf with the maxims of the world, which accounts rapine gain, and dignifies the baſeneſs of artifice with the names of dexterity and genius.

Nothing, for a courſe of time, rouſed him from his lethargy, nor awakened one tender thought of his brother's ſon, till a ſevere fit of ſickneſs threatened him with immediate diſſolution—Then the proſpect of eternity opened before him—The deluſive glare, which objects derive from the prejudices of men, ſickened and died!—Remorſe darted her ſtings!—His ſoul ſhook with increaſing horrors!—What have I done! cried he. How have I deceived myſelf!—Theſe falſe maxims, which mankind have adopted to keep one another in countenance, will no longer protect me. O my brother, how barbarouſly have I uſed thee!—The reverſion of thy fortune, fraudulently obtained, raiſed me into importance, and procured me employment, and yet I ſuffered thee to periſh for want. Though I had adhered to the ſtricteſt rules of juſtice, why had I no bowels of compaſſion for a brother's miſery?—If repentance avail me not, I am undone for ever!—But ſtop! can I hope for forgiveneſs while I retain the wages of unrighteouſneſs?—No. This were to ſuppoſe the Almighty to be the patron of iniquity. Well then, I have reſolved what to do. I will begin with the ſureſt evidence of ſincerity, and reſtore, according to my promiſe, that inheritance to the ſon, which no other ought to enjoy. He roſe from the bed of ſickneſs, and inſtantly executed the conveyance. Peace by degrees returned to his ſoul. He lived ſome years as became a candidate for heaven, and at length the calm ſunſhine of joy attended him to the grave.

Thus old Leſlie ſuffered for his extravagance; and probably it was requiſite for his future happineſs. Morton was the inſtrument of Providence for preſerving part of the eſtate to young Leſlie, and the rents were his reward. He acted inſidiouſly and cruelly; but he ſaw the evil of his conduct, and repented. The young man obtained a comfortable appointment on the wreck of his father's fortune. As he did not then expect it, his joy was the greater; and being trained to frugality, he was the more capable of enjoying it.—*O God, how unſearchable are thy judgments, and thy ways paſt finding out!*

Yours, &c. HUMANUS.

SOPHRONIUS *to* FLAVIA *on* FRIENDSHIP.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SOMETHING more, my Flavia, than mere curioſity, if I do not flatter myſelf very much, makes me deſirous to know the opinions of others concerning both myſelf and my preſent performances. I have oftentimes found information of this ſort very ſerviceable towards ena-

bling me to diminiſh the number of my faults, and correct my errors. I went out the other afternoon to viſit my old friend Carpophorus, and ſpend a part of the evening in his company. I found him all alone, peruſing with great attention one of the Weekly Magazines, with a tobacco pipe placed by him upon one corner of the table, and a mug of porter upon the other. After having aſked him how he did, I took the liberty to aſk what he had been reading? He told me that he had been reading a letter of Sophronius to Flavia upon friendſhip. I begged to know what he thought of that paper; for that I had juſt lately read it myſelf, and would be glad to have his opinion of it? Upon hearing this queſtion, he immediately pulled off the ſpectacles from his noſe, and laying them down upon the table, he told me with ſome emotion, that he thought Sophronius a very ſuperficial writer, who ſaid a great deal upon a very important ſubject, but ſaid nothing that every old woman in the country did not know fully as well as himſelf; but, to tell you the truth, continued he, this is a fault that the greateſt part of your eſſay-writers are now-a-days very liable to: few or none of them ſeem capable of penetrating, to any depth, into the ſubjects that they treat; they do nothing more but touch lightly upon the ſuperficies of the ſciences; common-place obſervations (raiſing his voice to an exorbitant height); mere common-place obſervations, upon my ſoul! I ſaid little to him in return, but immediately ſet all my thoughts in motion to ſound the bottom of my ſubject: I formed a plan of ſeveral letters for that purpoſe, which I intend to execute with all poſſible expedition, and accordingly, the very next morning, I took up my pen, and wrote what follows.

What is it, my Flavia, that makes us deſire and court the friendſhip of one perſon preferably to that of another? The amiable qualifications, undoubtedly, with which he is endued. But what is it that we call amiable? Every thing that has naturally a power to inſpire love. Such are, in the firſt place, the gifts of nature, comely looks, well-proportioned features, a handſome perſon, a graceful carriage, wit, ſpirit, humour, eloquence, good-nature, affability, and other endowments of the ſame kind. If you ſhould aſk how the heart comes to be affected by theſe things, I could make no other ſatisfactory reply but this alone, that he who made it has been pleaſed to give it that propenſion: Nor can we give a reaſon why ſuch objects are amiable to us, any more than we can give why ſuch meats are agreeable to the taſte, or ſuch odours are pleaſant to the ſmell.

I cannot, indeed, help thinking, that a certain inſtinct, which ſome imagine to be peculiar to the brute creation, has no ſmall ſhare in the cauſe which produces that love that paſſes between man and man, and much more between perſons of different ſexes. By inſtinct in the preſent caſe I mean that internal feeling of love or hatred which naturally, and without reflection, ariſes in our breaſts, without any apparent cauſe, upon beholding certain objects. Boccaccio, an Italian writer, has elegantly expreſſed the natural affection that the ſexes feel to each other, by means of that novel, in which he repreſents a young man brought up by his father in a hermitage, who, the firſt time that he beheld one of thoſe creatures called woman, immediately felt a deſire awaken in his breaſt to have one of them that he could call his own. The ſame alſo is obſervable between parents and children. It muſt, however, be acknowledged, that the reflection of the mind, and ſome reaſon, either apparent or real, is, for the moſt part, the cauſe of that love which we bear to others; but it cannot be denied, that inſtinct alone oftentimes produces the ſame effect, without our being able to hinder it, or to aſſign any cauſe why ſuch objects are amiable in our eyes. Who has not felt the effect of this ſecret inſtinct in friendſhip? How common is it to feel ourſelves almoſt irreſiſtibly attracted to join in friendſhip with ſome perſons, without being able to account for it why we are ſo? All that we can ſay is, that there is ſomething about them that captivates our heart, and commands our love. I know there are ſome who are of opinion, that what I call inſtinct would be more properly termed ſympathy, and that it can be eaſily accounted for, as it always ariſes between perſons of congenial diſpoſitions. Let them call it what they will, I have no objection; but the cauſe which they aſſign for it is certainly very partial, ſeeing that it has been frequently known to ſubſiſt between perſons of tempers and inclinations widely different, as I ſhall afterwards have occaſion to ſhew.

But there is nothing that ſeems to have naturally a more powerful influence over the heart than virtue. The bare appearance of it attracts our affections with irreſiſtible force. We are moved to love thoſe with whom we are intirely unacquainted, from a bare recital of thoſe virtuous actions that they have performed. Nay, what am I ſaying? do we not feel the moſt lively and tender emotions of benevolence to a man whoſe character for real virtue has been painted out in favourable colours by antient hiſtory? Are we not ſometimes ſo much touched with the character given us of a Roman hero, as to feel the moſt ſenſible joy in reading of his ſucceſsful enterprizes, and ſhed tears of ſorrow over his misfortunes? Who would not incline to claſp a Scipio to his boſom, when reflecting on the goodneſs, the mildneſs, the juſtice, the moderation, the generoſity, and above all, the heroic chaſtity of that gallant general, which enabled him, at the age of twenty-four years, to reſtore untouched that captive princeſs of exquiſite beauty which the fate of war had delivered into his hands, to Albucius prince of the Celtiberians, to whom ſhe had been betrothed, and generouſly to add that ſum of money that was ſent for her ranſom, to the portion that he was to receive with her?

Here the goodneſs and wiſdom of the Author of our being appears to me in ſo conſpicuous colours, that I cannot help ſtopping a little to admire them. He has implanted in our nature a ſtrong deſire of being loved by others, and has at the ſame time ordained that virtue ſhould be the moſt efficacious means of obtaining that love, by engrafting in our hearts ſo irreſiſtible an inclination to love and eſteem virtue, that, as Cicero obſerves, we cannot hinder ourſelves from being captivated by it, when we behold it, even in the perſons of our enemies. By this means he has given us a conſtant ſpur to perform thoſe beneficent and virtuous actions that merit love. Every body feels within himſelf a ſecret inclination to enjoy a place in the hearts of others. The greateſt preſents loſe one half of their value in our eyes, when we know that they do not proceed from love; and the ſmalleſt trifles are held in great eſteem, when we are ſenſible that they are the tokens of an affectionate heart. Every body alſo feels a natural propenſion to love the virtuous: the greateſt endowments of body or mind, unleſs they either are, or ſeem to be accompanied with virtue, never ſhall be able to touch the heart thoroughly; they may raiſe ſome degree of eſteem, and kindle ſome momentary ſparks of love, that die away almoſt as ſoon as they are kindled, but they ſhall ever be found incapable of inſpiring a genuine and laſting affection. Every body conſequently feels within himſelf a conſtant incitement to virtuous actions, which he owes to the wiſdom and goodneſs of him who gave him exiſtence.

Some are of opinion, that all external qualifications are only amiable in ſo far as they ſeem to be indications of virtue, ſuch as beauty, handſomeneſs, and the like; or in as far as they are adapted to ſerve the purpoſes of virtue, ſuch as wit, ſpirit, eloquence. But, however this may be, it is certain that virtue is the ſureſt and the moſt powerful means to captivate the human heart; a truth, my Flavia, that ſhould be engraven in characters of gold, and expoſed to the view of all mankind; but I would have it placed, in a particular manner, above the toilets, and over the doors of the dreſſing-rooms of the faſhionable part of your ſex, who ſpend ſo much time in ornamenting their perſons with jewels, ſilks and laces, in order to attract the eyes, and engage the affections of the other ſex. How much nearer the mark that they aim at would they not find themſelves, if they could be perſuaded to ſpend that time in adorning their minds with virtue? In that caſe they would ſoon ſee themſelves in poſſeſſion of charms that no heart would be able to reſiſt.

When an intercourſe between two perſons is built upon any thing that is wholly extrinſic, and noways eſſential to them, it may deſerve the name of a mercenary union, but not of friendſhip. He who courts the rich and the great, upon account of their riches and titles, may be ſaid to love theſe riches and titles, or rather the profit or honour which he expects to reap from them, but not the perſons themſelves. The nearer and the more eſſentially that the quality, upon which our love fixes, is connected with our friend, the more true and genuine it muſt be accounted. He who loves a friend for his comely looks, or any other exterior qualification of perſon, may be

ſaid to love ſomething that is not properly his friend; for, as one of our poets elegantly ſays,

This frame, compacted with tranſcendent ſkill
Of moving joints, obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and waſtes: I call it mine, not me.

As the endowments of the head, wit, penetration, judgment, may be more properly called our own than thoſe I have mentioned; ſo he who allows himſelf to be captivated by them, may be ſaid to love the perſon who poſſeſſes them with a love far preferable to any of the former: but every body muſt ſee, that, as theſe endowments are only the gifts of nature, and do not depend upon ourſelves, they cannot be called our own with ſo much propriety as our virtues, which are produced by the free exerciſe of our wills; and hence he alone, who loves us upon account of our virtues, may be ſaid to love ourſelves. From this it follows, that the man who wants virtue can expect to have no friends, as he wants the only foundation upon which true friendſhip ſhould be built; for, as a celebrated modern genius juſtly obſerves, *The wicked have only accomplices; the voluptuous have companions; the deſigning have aſſociates; the men of buſineſs have partners; the politicians form a factious band; the bulk of idle men have connections; princes have courtiers; but virtuous men alone have friends.*

You know, my Flavia, it has been ſaid, and I am afraid not without ſome grounds, that many of your ſex are too apt to be ſmitten with every thing that is ſhowy and ſuperficial. Some there are who have gone the length of affirming, that a white hand, a ſmooth face, a pair of ſparkling eyes, or even a diamond ring or a brocade waiſtcoat, would do more execution in a lady's heart than all the virtues of a Scipio or an Epaminondas. If this diſpoſition of the fair ſex be dangerous to them in the choice of their friends, it is ſurely no leſs ſo in that of their huſbands. There are, I am afraid, many who, in that important choice upon which the happineſs of their lives depends, prefer the moſt ſuperficial qualifications to the moſt ſolid. It has been an old complaint, ſays Mr Addiſon, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of ſenſe. When we ſee a fellow loud and talkative, full of inſipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite. Noiſe and flattery are ſuch accompliſhments as they cannot withſtand.—Let me have the pleaſure, my Flavia, to ſee you riſe above this foible of your ſex, and look down upon it with contempt. Let virtue ſtill hold the firſt place in your eſteem, and be the only means of procuring acceſs to your heart. We learn from Hierocles, it was a common ſaying among the antients, that the wiſe man hates no-body, but only loves the virtuous. This piece of wiſdom ſeems to have been better known, and more univerſally practiſed in thoſe times than it is now; and hence true friendſhip was not then ſo great a rarity as it is in our days. It was then no uncommon thing to behold what is now the next thing to a prodigy,

Breaſts that with ſympathiſing ardor glow'd,
And holy friendſhip, ſuch as Theſeus vow'd.
OVID.

When we return to build our friendſhips upon the ſame ſure foundation, then, and not till then, ſhall we ſee them riſe to our view in the ſame beautiful order, and ſtand with the ſame ſteady firmneſs that they did in thoſe times.—Farewel, my Flavia. May the virtues alone of others ever ſeem worthy of your regard; and may your own gain you the hearts of all who have the pleaſure of your acquaintance, and rank you among the moſt amiable of your ſex.

Yours, &c. SOPHRONIUS.

Incidents relative to the Roads, and the manner of Travelling in Germany: From Mr Burney's *Tour through Germany.*

BEFORE I proceed further in my muſical narrative, I muſt make two or three memorandums concerning the villainous and raſcally behaviour of poſtmaſters and poſtilions in this part of the world; the effects of which it is impoſſible to eſcape.—In going over the mountains of Wetteravia, under the pretence of bad roads, *three* horſes were tied to the hurdle, called a poſt-chaiſe, and, after I had once ſubmitted to this impoſition, I never was allowed to ſtir with leſs. At Frankfort I tried hard, but in

vain, though the inn-keeper and his guests, who were natives, all assured me, that they never had more than two horses when they travelled *extra-post*; yet here, though no mountains were to be crossed, the sands were made a plea, notwithstanding the roads from Frankfort to Manheim are, in every particular, the least bad of any that I had yet travelled in Germany.

The women, among the common people in the country, are miserably ugly, not, perhaps, so much in feature as from dress, and a total neglect of complexion. They intirely hide their hair by a kind of skull-cap, usually made of tawdry linen or cotton: they are hardly ever seen with shoes and stockings, though the men are furnished with both, such as they are.

I could wish to speak of these people with candour and temper, in despite of the bile which every stranger travelling among them must feel at work within him: but, as I neither mean to abuse or flatter them, I must say, that the numberless beggars, clamorously importunate, though often young, fat, robust, and fit for any labour; the embarrassments of perpetual change and loss of money; the extortion, sullenness, and insolence of post-masters and postilions, are intolerably vexatious.

BOHEMIA.

My journey through this country was one of the most fatiguing I ever took in my life; for though the road in general is very good, for a German road, yet my want of time, which obliged me to travel night and day, the excessive heat and cold of the weather, occasioned by the presence and absence of the sun, together with bad horses, and diabolical waggons, used as chaises, exhausted both my spirits and my patience.

The country is flat, naked, and disagreeable to the eye, for the most part, all the way through Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia, as far as Prague, the situation and environs of which are very beautiful.

The dearness and scarcity of provisions of all kinds on this road were now excessive; and the half-starved people, just recovered from malignant fevers, little less contagious than the plague, occasioned by bad food, and by no food at all, offered to view the most melancholy spectacles I ever beheld.

No refreshments of any kind were to be found till I arrived at Colin, a village rendered famous by a battle fought near it in the last war: here a pidgeon, and half a pint of miserable four wine, cost me three or four shillings: till now I had subsisted on bread and water, except one pint of milk, which I obtained with difficulty, and which cost me fourteen *creuzers*, about seven-pence English.

I had frequently been told that the Bohemians were the most musical people of Germany, or, perhaps, of all Europe; and an eminent German composer, now in London, had declared to me, that, if they enjoyed the same advantages as the Italians, they would excel them.

I never could suppose effects without a cause: nature, though often partial to individuals in her distribution of genius and talents, is never so to a whole people. Climate contributes greatly to the forming of customs and manners; and it is, I believe, certain, that those who inhabit hot climates are more delighted with music than those of cold ones, perhaps from the auditory nerves being more irritable in the one than in the other, and from sound being propagated with greater facility: but I could by no means account for climate operating more in favour of music upon the Bohemians than on their neighbours, the Saxons and Moravians.

I crossed the whole kingdom of Bohemia from south to north; and being very assiduous in my inquiries, how the common people learned music, I found, out at length, that, not only in every large town, but in all villages, where there is a reading and writing school, children of both sexes are taught music.

I quitted Prague, Thursday morning, September 17. after many delays and plagues, incident to travellers in a foreign country.

The first post, to Sdieps, I travelled through a mountainous country, and cold thick fog; the second, to Weltrus, through a good road, and level, though naked country; here the weather was again very hot. Sour milk, and black four bread, *Pompernickel*, were thus far all the refreshments that could be obtained.

At Budin, the next stage, I found a music-school, and heard two of the poor

boys perform in the ſtreet, one on the harp, and the other on the triangles, tolerably well.

At Lobeſchutz, two or three ſtages from the confines of Saxony, there is likewiſe another ſchool, with more than an hundred children, of both ſexes, of which number all learn muſic who chuſe it. I viſited the church, which is ſmall and neat, with a little plain organ in it; here the children, vocally and inſtrumentally, perform. I heard a conſiderable number of the boys practiſing on the fiddle at ſchool, but in a very coarſe manner.

I hope I ſhall be excuſed if I here relate a few of the hardſhips which I underwent in the courſe of my journey through thoſe parts of Germany, as the account of them may put future travellers on their guard, or at leaſt prevent ſurpriſe under ſimilar circumſtances.

And firſt, I muſt inform them that I did not meet with a chaiſe, or carriage of any kind, that had a top, or covering, to protect paſſengers from heat, cold, wind or rain, in my whole journey; and ſo violent are the jolts, and ſo hard are the ſeats of German poſt-waggons, that a man is rather kicked than carried from one place to another. Yet, for theſe wretched conveyances, when I travelled in them alone *extra-poſts*, as it is called, it coſt me frequently at the rate of eighteen-pence for each Engliſh mile; ſo great is the number of fees and taxes on this occaſion: *Poſtgeld*, *Wagengeld*, *Schoſſegeld*, *Schawergeld*, *Schmiergeld*, *Barriergeld*, and *Drinkgeld*, to hundreds, but particularly to the *Stallknecht*, for getting *Pferden*, horſes, ready in ſomewhat leſs than three hours *.

But ſuch as are provided with a comfortable carriage, with beds, proviſions, and a number of ſervants, and are ſo indifferent about expences, that they calmly ſubmit to all kinds of impoſitions as things of courſe, may be utterly ignorant of the ſufferings of others who dread expence, and who are expoſed to all the plagues of bad vehicles, bad horſes, bad inns, and worſe proviſions, or who are unable to find either inns or proviſions of any kind.

The excellent roads, inns, and carriages, throughout Great Britain make an Engliſhman very unfit to encounter ſuch hardſhips; but indeed they exceed thoſe of moſt other countries in Europe ſo much, that to travel with a *Vittorino*, a *Procaccio*, or a *Corriere*, thro' the worſt *Italian* roads, is eaſe and luxury, compared with what is ſuffered in Germany. [*To be continued.*]

* For ſuch of my readers as may be unacquainted with the language of their progenitors, the Saxons, it may be neceſſary to tranſlate the names of the impoſts above-mentioned into their Engliſh equivalents, of *horſe-hire*, *chaiſe-hire*, *turnpikes*, *poſtillion*, *greaſing wheels*, *toll at the gates*, on both ſides each town, as well as *drink* to the oſtler, and a ſwarm of helpers, who, in removing baggage, ſtcal cordage, ſtraps, and every thing which they can carry off undiſcovered.

The Caſe of THOMAS WOOD, *a Miller of* Billericay, *in* Eſſex: *From the laſt Volume of the Medical Tranſactions, publiſhed by the College of Phyſicians.*

THOMAS WOOD is now fifty-three years old. His parents were intemperate, and he was rheumatic before he was thirteen. A favourable ſmall-pox then rendered him healthy, and he had no complaints till he was forty-three. He had long indulged himſelf to exceſs in eating voraciouſly of fat meat three times a-day, with large quantities of butter and cheeſe. He alſo drank ſtrong ale for his common drink. When he was about forty, he began to grow very fat; but his appetite was ſtill good, and his ſleep unbroken. Soon after he entered into his forty-fourth year, he began firſt to be diſturbed in his ſleep, and to complain of the heart-burn, frequent ſickneſs at his ſtomach, pains in his bowels, head-ach, and vertigo. He was ſometimes coſtive, ſometimes in the other extreme; had conſtant thirſt, great depreſſion of ſpirits, violent rheumatiſm, and frequent attacks of the gout. He had alſo two epileptic fits: but, what moſt alarmed him, was a ſenſe of ſuffocation, which often came upon him, particularly after his meals. Under ſuch a complication of diſeaſes, he continued till he was forty-five, when the life of Cornaro was put into his hand. Being convinced, by this book, that intemperance was the cauſe of all his complaints, he began by uſing animal food ſparingly, and taking only one pint of his ale a-day. Under this regimen he grew better; and, at the end of two months, he became more ſparing in his animal food, and took but

half a pint of his ale in a day. In this courſe he continued above ſix months, when he left off the uſe of malt liquor entirely, drinking nothing but water, and eating only light meats. Some of his complaints, however, ſtill remained. He was tormented with the rheumatiſm, and had now and then a ſlight fit of the gout. At the end of about five months more, he began the uſe of the cold bath, and uſed it twice a-week for near three years. About the ſame time he alſo began to ring the dumb bell, which he ſtill continues.

From the beginning of June 1765, to the 25th of the following October, water was his only drink; and from that time he drank no more till the 9th of May 1766, about ſeven months: he then drank two glaſſes and a half of water; ſince which time he has drank no more of any liquor, except what he has taken in the form of medicine. Since the 30th of June 1767, he has abſtained from cheeſe, having renounced butter ſomewhat ſooner. The 31ſt of July following was the laſt day on which he taſted fleſh; and his diet ever ſince has been principally pudding made of ſea biſcuit. He takes but little ſleep, generally going to bed about eight, and riſing before two. His health is eſtabliſhed, his ſpirits lively, and his ſleep ſound. His muſcular ſtrength is alſo ſo much improved, that he can carry a quarter of a ton weight, which he could not do when he was thirty years of age. His voice, which was loſt for ſeveral years, is now clear and ſtrong: his fleſh is firm, his colour freſh; and though he is ſuppoſed to have loſt between ten and eleven ſtone, the integuments of his belly are not looſe and pendulous, but contracted nearly in proportion to the diminution of his bulk. He has a tranquillity of mind which he never enjoyed before; and his plain diet is now become as agreeable to him as his fat meat and ſtrong ale; ſo that he pays no tax for the health and happineſs he enjoys.

To the queſtion, "What firſt induced him to abſtain from all drink?" he anſwered, that his ſervant having one day forgot to bring him his water at dinner, he drank none; and having obſerved that he was leſs oppreſſed by that meal than common, he determined to try whether a total abſtinence from all liquors would not improve his regimen. He added, that he was encouraged in this experiment by an obſervation he had made in feeding hogs. He never ſuffers theſe animals to drink, and his pork is highly valued for the whiteneſs and firmneſs of its fleſh. He uſes much exerciſe, particularly riding; but no degree or continuance of labour produces ſenſible perſpiration. His pulſe ſeldom beats forty-ſeven times in a minute; he makes every day about a pint and a half of urine, and has ſeldom more than one ſtool in two days. He never catches cold, though he is thinly clad, and expoſes himſelf to all weathers.

The pudding, which is now, and has many years been, his only food, is made of one pound of the flour of which the beſt kind of ſea-biſcuit is made, boiled with a pint and a half of ſkimmed-milk.

The paper containing this account is dated September 1771.

To the PUBLISHER, *&c.*

IN the comedy of *Le Medicin Malgre-lui* of *Moliere*, Sganarelle, the faggot-doctor, being aſked by his patient what he meant by ſaying that a man's heart lay on the right ſide of his body, when it was well known to be on his left ſide, he archly replied, "Very true, that 'was formerly the caſe; but we have 'changed theſe matters, and doctors 'now-a-days practiſe after a quite new 'method;" with which anſwer his patient was very well ſatisfied, and thought the doctor a man of ſurpriſing abilities.

This piece of ridicule on credulity was perhaps carried beyond the bounds of probability, at the time the author uſhered it into the world, but was he now alive he would ſee it realized, nay, exceeded if poſſible, by the wiſe electors of Great Britain, who, Sganarelle-like, practiſe after a method quite new. If a candidate of fortune, abilities and integrity, tells them, in a plain honeſt manner, that he will endeavour to preſerve their liberties and their properties, agreeably to the conſtitution, without promiſing them any *empyrical noſtrums*, he is immediately looked upon with ſuſpicion, and treated with contempt, becauſe he does not bargain to do impoſſibilities, or loudly proclaim an abhorrence of the miniſtry. But if, on the other hand, a fellow who has not a ſhilling to loſe, or who is branded with the blackeſt of crimes, or one who gravely tells them he comes from *heaven* to

ſnatch poor Old England from the yawning gulph of perdition, or who ſingly promiſes to do more good for the bleeding conſtitution than the whole legiſlature collectively could accompliſh during a period of ſeven years; ſuch a man is liſtened to with applauſe, as the Cato of his time, and univerſally admired for the very conduct which ſhould expoſe him to univerſal indignation.

In former periods, Mr Printer, I have been liſtened to with boneſt delight, and preſided in the many grave aſſemblies of the people; but now, alas! I may juſtly ſay, with cardinal Wolſey, "Farewell!—a long farewell to all my greatneſs." Thoſe who would be aſhamed to tranſact the ſmalleſt truſt without my advice, will not attend to my loudeſt exhortations, when the welfare of their country is at ſtake, but on the contrary deem me a buſy malicious intruder, when I tell them that public robbers are improper guardians of the public weal, or contend that the higheſt concern of a whole ſtate ought not to be lodged with men of the meaneſt abilities. What is, if poſſible, more to be lamented, Sir, the public prints, which formerly boaſted that they were intirely under my direction, now think themſelves warranted to fly in my face, and make every character popular which endeavours to overthrow the liberties of the people. Will you be a little ſingular, Mr Printer, and ſay ſomething for me: I have not yet been quite diſcarded from your paper, and perhaps you may prevail upon the nation once more to hear the voice of

Common Underſtanding.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus!

SIR,

WILL you admit a few more croſs readings of the news-papers into ſome ſpare corner of your entertaining Miſcellany, and oblige,

Yours, &c.

Papyrius Curſor the Third.

Banks of Dee, Oct. 7.

THE lava at Mount Veſuvius continues to run—into the *Dunce's Den.*

By the late battle at Varna, the ſeat of war is removed to—Dalmuir bleachfield, ſix miles weſt, &c.

On Friday an uncommon roaring noiſe was heard at—Mr Tate's concert of muſic.

The divan of the Sublime Porte have reſolved—to take in the notes of the Aberdeen banking company.

Yeſterday fifteen men and women, convicts, were ſhipped at Blackfriars—to join Mr Digges's company.

The tumults at the Poliſh diet, occaſioned by—the conteſt between colonels Campbell and Maſterton.

The new Prologue to the Silent Woman was ſpoken by—the rev. Dr C. moderator.

On this occaſion the judges divided—and the firſt diviſion is ſtationed at the Savoy barracks.

There will be a call of the houſe—to embark at Corke for America.

The American reſolves againſt tea are approved of—at a certain houſe in Leadenhall-ſtreet.

The intended meeting of the king of Pruſſia, empreſs of Ruſſia, and the emperor, is to be held at—the three Jolly Butchers in Warwick-lane.

Sir W. Lewes is gone to Worceſter to put up for—the place of Aleconner.

At a meeting of the ſociety of the bill of rights—gen. Gage in the chair.

ELECTION ANECDOTE.

SOME years ago, an admiral, now alive, was a candidate for Poole, where he had many opponents among the voters. Sir George was then ſtationed at Plymouth, whence a ſhip was diſpatched to put into Poole as through ſtreſs of weather. This being effected on the day of election, the commanding officer prevailed on thoſe electors, who were Sir George's enemies, to take a glaſs on board previous to the poll. In the interim the cable was ſlipped; and, when the voters talked of going aſhore, the ſhip was four leagues out at ſea, the officers curſing the ſeamen for preventing ſo many honeſt gentlemen from voting according to their conſciences. It was, however, too late to complain, for the election was carried in the admiral's favour.

A MAXIM.

PRINCES ought to conſider praiſes like contraband goods. They may wink and let them paſs, but always ſuſpect the man that offers them.

POETRY.

The VANITY *of* HUMAN WISHES: *An* ELEGY, *occaſioned by the untimely* DEATH *of a* SCOTS POET.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus,
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubreis
Cantus, Melpomene: cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit. HOR.

DARK was the night—and ſilence reign'd o'er all;
No mirthful ſounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour:
The ſheeted ghoſt ſtalk'd thro' the ghaſtly hall,
And ev'ry breaſt confeſs'd chill horror's pow'r.

Slumb'ring I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:
" Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we form;
" When winter comes, the ſweeteſt flow'ret drops,
" And oaks themſelves muſt bend before the ſtorm."

While thus I ſpoke, a voice aſſail'd my ear;
'Twas ſad—'twas ſlow—it fill'd my mind with dread!
" Forbear, it cry'd—thy moral lays forbear,
" Or change the ſtrain—for FERGUSSON is dead!

" Have we not ſeen him ſporting on theſe plains?
" Have we not heard him ſtrike the Muſe's lyre?
" Have we not felt the magic of his ſtrains,
" Which often glow'd with fancy's warmeſt fire?

" Have we not hop'd theſe ſtrains would long be heard?
" Have we not told how oft they touch'd the ſoul?
" And has not SCOTIA ſaid, her youthful BARD
" Might ſpread her fame ev'n to the diſtant pole?

" But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais'd;
" Death ſtrikes the blow—they ſink—their reign is o'er;
" And theſe ſweet ſongs, which we ſo oft have prais'd—
" Theſe mirthful ſtrains ſhall now be heard no more.

" This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys
" Which we ſo ardently wiſh to attain;
" Since ruthleſs fate ſo oft, ſo ſoon, deſtroys
" The high-born hopes ev'n of the Muſes' train.

I heard no more—The cock, with clarion ſhrill,
Loudly proclaim'd th' approach of morning near—
The voice was gone—but yet I heard it ſtill—
For ev'ry note was echo'd back by fear.

" Perhaps, I cry'd, 'ere yonder riſing ſun
" Shall ſink his glories in the weſtern wave;
" Perhaps 'ere then my race may too be run,
" And I myſelf laid in the peaceful grave.

" Oft then, O mortals! oft this dreadful truth
" Should be proclaim'd—for fate is in the ſound,
" *That genius, learning, health, and vigorous youth,*
" *May, in one day, in death's cold chains be bound.*"

J. TAIT.

Edinburgh, Oct. 19. 1774.

A familiar EPISTLE *to a murmuring Friend, who was often complaining, that* " his condition in life was worſe than any-body's."

THEN change your ſtation, MOMUS—try ſome other—
Change for a better with ſome friendly brother.
I'll be your doctor, Sir, your kind adviſer;
Change with ſome man that's mightier, wealthier, wiſer.
" How!—change my ſtation!—that's a pleaſing ſound;
" But—tell me where a better may be found?
" Alas!—how know you but my envy'd neighbour
" Beneath as grievous diſcontents may labour
" As I who murmur?"—
'Tis no doubtful caſe;
Moſt men's complainings prove it to your face.
Lo! CROESUS ſtruts, in treaſures rich and great:
Yes—but his ſon is—ſquand'ring his eſtate.
GRIPUS' full bags his eyes with pleaſure fill—
But GRIPUS dreams of thieves and robbers ſtill.
CORNUBIO's heart is gen'rous, wiſe, and good;
But how's his wife's?—No better than it ſhou'd.
How bleſt the bachelor! how free from ſtriſe!
True—but he's inly pining for a wife.
FLATUS with titles how ſupremely bleſt!
Yes—if his conſcience would but let him reſt.
BIBO exults in conſtitution ſtout;
True—and for this he thanks—a ten weeks gout.

Some wish for children, others wish they'd none:
This loft an only daughter, that a ſon.
Some want promotions, others have too many:
Some hoard their thouſands, and yet want a penny.
Some on a coach and four their paſſions fix;
Nothing is greater!—Yes—a coach and fix.
FLORELLA's dreſt as modiſh as you will,
And ſhe were bleſt, but—FLAVIA's finer ſtill.

Thus keen vexations riſe in various ways,
And more or leſs embitter all our days.
It nought avails, whate'er we call our own,
While peeviſh paſſions rule in Reaſon's throne.
Wealth, honour, pow'r, dominion, all is vain,
While ſelfiſh, envious, fretful humours reign.
Where then for ſuccour ſhall poor mortals flee?
What brings contentment home to you or me?
Philoſophy, with all her boaſted train
Of fine concluſions, promiſes in vain.
Wit, genius, judgment, fine diſtinguiſh'd parts,
Theſe fill our heads, but not content our hearts.
One ſource of bliſs, and one alone, we find,
Can chear the ſoul, and eaſe the murm'ring mind:
Religion, bleſt Religion! thou alone
That treaſure art, that grand Catholicon!
By thy convincing, thy conſoling light,
We take our ſtation, and believe 'tis right:
The friendly, ſocial, gentle, pious breaſt,
Sits on the rock of everlaſting reſt.
Thus wiſdom points your way, and bids you ſtill
Be VIRTUOUS, and be happy as you will.

W. O.

ELEGY *to* MIRA, *in the Manner of* TIBULLUS: *From* GRÆME's POEMS, *lately publiſhed.*

WHY, MIRA! why this uſeleſs waſte of time?
To round your nails with artificial care,
To ſmear your lovely locks with fulſome grime,
And add falſe ringlets to your gloſſy hair?

The irkſome taſk of meditating dreſs,
Each ſacrifice to faſhion's labour loſt;
The more you ſtrive to pleaſe, you pleaſe the leſs,
" When unadorned, then adorn'd the moſt."

Let the ſtale virgin, with coſmetic art,
To wonted bloom the faded cheek reſtore;
In gorgeous garments ſtrive to gain a heart,
Who dares not truſt her native beauties more.

Rouge and falſe ringlets certainly were meant
For cheeks turn'd ſallow, and for locks turn'd gray;
The fringed petticoat, to hide within't
A leg that's clumſy, or a foot that's ſplay.

Some hoary beldam, in the natal hour,
Mumbled her incantations o'er your head;
Some beldam, ſkill'd in ev'ry ſimple's pow'r,
That grows unnoted in the vernal mead.

I wrong your ſacred beauties, and profane
Their myſtic energy to raiſe deſire;
Yes, magic ſpells and potent herbs were vain,
Your native charms without inchantment fire.

Come, MIRA! come, while in your beauty's pride
Indulge to love; away with meaner things;
In raptures loſt, in love's embraces ty'd,
How filly grandeur, and the wealth of kings!

Let driv'lling dotards buy the ſtately dame,
To watch the foibles of declining years;
To wipe with duteous hand the ropy phlegm,
And wrap the flannel cov'ring round their ears.

To liſten ſleepleſs to the midnight moan,
Requires a jointure, and a rich reward;
And ſay, what ſettlement can e'er atone
For the gruff violence of a griſly beard?

But to enclaſp the poliſh'd limbs of youth,
To ſhare the ſecrets of a tender breaſt,
Where ev'ry thought is conſtancy and truth,
And each wiſh riſes to make MIRA bleſt!

Sublimer happineſs can titles yield?
Can wealth or grandeur greater meed beſtow?
Unbias'd nature ſcorns the blazon'd field,
And ev'ry finer feeling anſwers, No.

On ſeeing Mr BARRY's *Picture of* VENUS *riſing out of the Sea, at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy at* Pall-mall.

SUCH was the Goddeſs of the Cyprian grove,
Such Homer thought her, when he dream'd of love;
The heav'n-wrapt bard has but in viſion ſhewn
What Barry's genius into life has thrown.
O! had he ſeen that breathing canvas glow
With tints that dropt from off the living bow;
Beheld the goddeſs riſing into view,
In all the charms his raviſh'd fancy drew,
When quick'ning nature felt the genial fire,
And men and gods were waken'd to deſire;
Raſh painter, he'd have cry'd, the form you've ſtole;
Yet dread Prometheus' fate—beware the ſoul

THE REVIEW.

The Works of George Lord Lyttelton, *formerly printed ſeparately, and now firſt collected together; with ſome other pieces never before printed. Publiſhed by* George Edward Ayſcough, *Eſq;* 4to. Dodſley.

THE literary abilities of the late lord Lyttelton are too well known to be here mentioned. The editor is praiſeworthy for collecting together the detached pieces of his much reſpected uncle, and for uniting in the publication ſome of the papers here preſented to the public—the juvenile letters of his lordſhip not excepted. The following are ſelected as ſpecimens of the noble lord's *juvenilia:*

Paris, Sept. 8. 1729.

Dear Sir,

"Sunday by four o'clock we had the good news of a dauphin; and ſince that time I have thought myſelf in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is ſo improved on this occaſion, that they are all ſtark mad with joy, and do nothing but dance and ſing about the ſtreets by hundreds, and by thouſands. The expreſſions of their joy are admirable; one fellow gives notice to the public that he deſigns to draw teeth for a week upon the Pont Neuf *gratis*. The king is as proud of what he has done as if he had gained a kingdom, and tells every body that he ſees, *qu'il ſcaura bien faire des fils tant qu'il voudra*. We are to have a fine fire-work to-morrow, his majeſty being to ſup in town.

"The duke of Orleans was ſincerely, and without any affectation tranſported at the birth of the dauphin.

"The ſucceſſion was a burden too heavy for his indolence to ſupport, and he pioufly ſings hallelujah for his happy delivery from it. The good old cardinal cried for joy. It is very late, and I have not ſlept theſe three nights for the ſquibs and crackers, and other noiſes that the people make in the ſtreets; ſo muſt beg leave to conclude with aſſuring you, that I am, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate and dutiful ſon,

G. L."

Paris, September 27.

Dear Sir,

"Mr Stanhope is on his way to Spain. The caprice and ſtubbornneſs of the king of Spain, which is not always to be governed, even by his wife, made it neceſſary to ſend a miniſter to that court, of too much weight and authority to be trifled with. It is a melancholy reflection, that the wiſeſt councils and beſt meaſures for the public good are ſometimes to be fruſtrated by the folly and incapacity of *one* man!

"How low is the ſervitude of human kind, when they are reduced to reſpect the extravagance, and court the pride of a ſenſeleſs creature, who has no other character of royalty than power to do miſchief!

"However, I hope all will turn out well, and that his Catholic majeſty will behave himſelf a little like a king, ſince the queen will have him to be one in ſpite of his teeth. About three months ago, ſhe caught him going down ſtairs at midnight to abdicate in his night-gown. He was ſo incenſed at the ſurpriſe and diſappointment, that he beat her cruelly, and would have ſtrangled her if ſhe had not called for help.

"This attempt of his alarmed her terribly, and put her upon carrying him about Spain to amuſe him with ſeeing fights, in order to keep St Ildefonſo out of his head. The journey has coſt immenſe ſums, ſo that the indult and treaſure they expect from Lima is already mortgaged, and the king more in debt than ever.

"I am troubled and uneaſy at my expences here, though you are ſo good and generous not to mention them in your letters. I am guilty of no extravagance; but do not know how to ſave as ſome people do. This is the time of my life in which money will be ill ſaved; and your goodneſs is laviſh of it to me, I think, without offending your prudence. My dear Sir, I know no happineſs but in your kindneſs; and if ever I loſe that, I am the worſt of wretches. I remain, Sir,

"Your dutiful ſon, &c.

G. L."

We beg leave to add another letter, to ſhew his lordſhip's tender affections and virtue in the marriage ſtate, and his regard to religion, as an example to our preſent nobility.

January 17. 1747.

Dear Sir,

"It is a moſt ſenſible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being ſo bad with the ſtone; and, loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this, to tell you how much I feel for you, and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

"Laſt night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was ſo much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneaſineſs for you kept me awake great part of the night, and in the morning I found ſhe had been much worſe again, ſo that our alarm was as great as ever. She has ſince mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard laſt poſt; only that ſuch frequent relapſes give one more cauſe to fear that the good ſymptoms, which ſometimes appear, will not be laſting. On the other hand, by her ſtruggling ſo long, and her pulſe recovering itſelf ſo well as it does after ſuch violent flurries, and ſuch great ſinkings, one would hope that nature is ſtrong in her, and will be able at laſt to conquer her illneſs.

"Sir Edward Hulſe ſeems now inclined to truſt to *that*, and to trouble her with no more phyſic; upon which condition alone ſhe has been perſuaded to take any food to-day. Upon the whole, her caſe is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing poſitively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health, it is yet tolerably good, though my heart has gone through as ſevere a trial as it can well ſuſtain; more, indeed, than I thought it could have borne; and you may depend upon it, that I will make uſe of all the ſupports that religion or reaſon can give me to ſave me from ſinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health, and I know it is my duty to try not to add to your other pains, that of my loſs, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty ſupports me above my own ſtrength, for the ſake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the reſignation with which I endeavour to ſubmit to his will. If it pleaſe him, in his infinite mercy, to reſtore my dear wife to me, I ſhall moſt thankfully acknowledge his goodneſs; if not, I ſhall moſt humbly endure his chaſtiſement, which I have too much deſerved.

"Theſe are the ſentiments with which my mind is replete; but as it is ſtill a moſt bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it muſt not paſs from me, it is impoſſible for me to foretel; but I hope the beſt. I once more pray God to relieve you from that dreadful diſtemper with which you are afflicted.

"Gilbert W— would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not ſo ill. However, his mind leans always to hope, which is an advantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be ſure, we ought not yet to deſpair; but there is much to fear, and a moſt melancholy interval to be ſupported before any certainty comes. God ſend it may come well at laſt! I am, dear Sir,

"Your moſt afflicted,

"But moſt affectionate ſon,

G. L."

Extracts from a French book, entitled LA BERLUE.

TRUTH is moſt beautiful when naked, but ſhe is now-a-days ſo decorated, painted, dizened, and diſfigured, that ſhe is always in maſquerade; and is therefore become a laughing-ſtock.

If a phyſician often dared to ſpeak his mind, he would ſay to ſome female ſuffering ſaints, take ſix ounces of liberty and you will be cured: to a lady that has an old huſband, take twelve and you will recover your health; to a declining miniſter, ſwallow ten drachms of vengeance, and it is but a trifle; to a diving court preacher, get purple cloathing, and you will riſe again; to a learned man in a languiſhing ſtate, you muſt daily frequent ſome dictionary-maker, or voyage-writer's company to forget your learning and underſtanding, and your health will return; to a poet troubled with obſtructions he would ſay, uſe your endeavours to find out a ſovereign who wiſhes you well, eſteems you, and is deſirous of attaching you to himſelf, and your complaint will vaniſh.

War is like the game of Pharo: thoſe that find the cards and candles are the only winners.

Coming irreverently into church, rather to affront than adore the Deity, by wantonly ogling every tawdry female; to divide the time between the brothel and

the coffee-houſe; always ſpeaking obſcenely, or ſwearing; interrupting and making game of their ſeniors; holding every one in contempt who are not dreſſed in ſcarlet or blue; kicking up riots at taverns; ſpeaking to their ſervants as if they were ſpeaking to dogs, and making the ſtudy of their profeſſion the leaſt of their thoughts, is not, thanks to our ſtars, the portrait of any Britiſh officer.

Millions of mites buſtle in a cheeſe and fight for more room; in comes a man ſtarving with hunger and ſwallows both mites and cheeſe. Force, the beſt doctrine of kings.

There is nothing women hate ſo much as indifference; ſpeak ill of them rather than not ſpeak of them at all. How often do they doat on the man that uſes them ill, and reject the addreſſes of the ſighing and obſequious. Self-love finds its account in ſubduing the ſtubborn heart.

Aurora, though ſhe offers the fineſt colours and the fineſt ſhades to your view, paſſes unheeded; the firmament ſcarce attracts your notice, though ſpangled with ſtars, and ſparkling with a brilliancy ſurpaſſing gold, ſilver, or precious ſtones; the flux and reflux of the ſea agitates the ſilver waves, and your eyes are turned away to contemplate ſome weak copy of theſe great originals, and are highly pleaſed at an opera or theatre with the mimic ſcene of their beauties. From whence this diſorder? You have got La Berlue.

Some look for inhabitants in the moon who are not there; others think they diſcover beauties in a fly, for which the inſect is indebted to the microſcope; the Egyptians find their god in an onion; the Romans miſtake ſelf-love for virtue; the Albites licentiouſneſs for liberty, and debauchery for pleaſure. Is the world clear-ſighted?

Few men make their fortune but at the expence of their heart and underſtanding. Many rich men, and in power, either have not common ſenſe, or have hearts that one would take for gizzards.

There is the ſame portion of ſenſe in all ages, but ſometimes it is more diffuſed. That is the caſe at preſent. We have, for example, amongſt fourſcore men of modern ſenſe, one full doſe; which divided into ſix parts, would furniſh out ſix complete men. So that now a-days, every one has ſenſe, but none ſufficient.

Another inconvenience; the ſhare of ſenſe that we poſſeſs, and which we ought intirely to apply to uſeful and ſerious matters, is generally fixed on trifles. By this means futilities are full fraught with it, whilſt in the moſt important ſchemes it is wholly neglected.

I wiſh that women gave as much attention to their children as they do to their dogs and cats; tho' that is unreaſonable, the children belong to the huſband, and the dogs and cats belong to the wife only.

Shew me two women who are ſincerely friends, and never ſpeak ill of one another, and you produce the wonder of wonders. The woman ſays ſhe is not obliged to love the woman, but to love the man.

To preſent one's work to the generality of bookſellers, is like offering colours to a blind man. They live in the midſt of their books, like Eunuchs in a ſeraglio.

The generality of people of quality's ſouls deſerving but bad lodgings in the next world, they do well to indemnify themſelves by erecting ſtately monuments for their bodies.

Readers are only fond of obſcene novels and romances, and ſtudious men ſearch after the beſt moral and phyſical treatiſes; yet on enquiry I find the *readers* are thirty to one.

To render an author famous, it is ſufficient that he deny religion, abuſe his king, and have his works condemned to be burnt; for then they are eagerly ſought after, read, and almoſt devoured. Can we diſhonour ourſelves more?

To be an author was formerly a qualification, it is now a buſineſs. Manuſcripts are offered to ſale, like old ſhoes.

Bruyere's characters might be applied to the preſent, as well as the laſt age.

Who is angry? I only draw pictures. Who will own they are like them?

My lady was caught yeſterday on the couch with her gallant. My lord lay all night with his w——e: who is to ſue for a divorce. **** ſays, in your caſe there is no fear. In your cauſe there is no flaw.

The Perſians adore the riſing ſun; the Chineſe proſtrate themſelves every day before their idols; the Muſſulmen at ſtated hours implore the protection of the true God; the Jews have their Sabbath; the Chriſtians their Sunday. Fraudulus alone, amidſt ſuch various religions, paſ-

ſes whole years without ever thinking of his Creator: he goes to bed and riſes again in the morning like a dog. I'll wager that Frandalus is a ******. Are there not many ſuch in England?

Gaming is the extinguiſher of converſation, and even of the ſenſes. To play well requires only ſilence, coolneſs, and a ſort of mechaniſm. It is when gaming alone that women are ſilent. They hazard their probity and reputation, and often pay debts of honour, I will not ſay how.

Many footmen have a noble deportment becauſe they are ***** ſons, and many ***** have a ſneaking appearance becauſe their fathers were footmen. Humanity was never more in vogue. The plebeians and the nobles daily form alliances.

If you do not love your wife, ſhe will live an age to plague you: if you love her, ſhe dies ſoon, and grief is your portion. What is to be done then? live ſingle.

To render the marriage ſtate happy, a man and his wife ſhould be but one; this is the philoſopher's ſtone, to be but one though they are two.

A phyſician that can talk well, has all the neceſſary ſcience for making his fortune amongſt men; and a well-made phyſician has ſufficient ſkill for the ladies. In all great families the gentleman and lady have their ſeparate phyſician.

No people do more miracles than the phyſicians, they open heaven and earth every day.

Epicurus has always the firſt peaſe ſerved at his table, of which he gives ten days notice; he is preſident over the ſauces, and inſtructs the company how to modernize and improve them, and runs over a long bill of fare with greater preciſion than a learned man can quote his authors. He is all alive at ſight of a new ragout, and outrageous if it is overſeaſoned. Were it better to be Epicurus or a hog? I cannot determine.

Bluſter makes the houſe to ring with his paſſion, and though it is morning will not be calm till night. What calamity has befallen him? Bluſter who was to be up at ſeven, was awaked at half an hour after ſix by his ſervant, who did not hear the clock ſtrike.

Geeſe are plenty, O Cives! beware of your choice!

HISTORY OF THE TIMES.

OCTOBER 13.—*to* 20.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

Amſterdam, October 6.

"WE ſee, with ſurpriſe, that the public papers vie with each other in impoſing upon credulous people, by aſſuring them that the grand ſignior has not yet ratified the treaty of peace; and for that reaſon the articles were not publiſhed by Ruſſia. Theſe aſſurances are deſtitute of foundation. There is no ratification to be expected. The ſolemn and reſpective embaſſies of Ruſſia and the Porte will convince all Europe that peace is really eſtabliſhed. Moreover, we may aſſert, that the articles that have been inſerted in the different Gazetter, as making a part of the ſaid treaty of peace, are nothing but gueſs-work, and very defective."

RUSSIA.

Warſaw, Sept. 18. "Since the arrival of count Branicky from Peterſburgh, it is whiſpered, that great miſunderſtandings have ariſen between the courts of Peterſburgh, Vienna, and Berlin, on account of the late peace: It is added, that the court of Vienna, jealous of the advantageous peace for Ruſſia, and ſuſpicious of ſome intrigues, has ſent inſtructions to the imperial ambaſſador at Peterſburgh to inquire into the particulars of the peace, and to inſiſt on knowing them, which the ambaſſador did; and the anſwer he received was, that the court of Peterſburgh will not publiſh the terms of peace until they return from Conſtantinople, ſigned by the grand ſultan."

Koniſberg, Sept. 19. "They write from Peterſburgh, that the grand rejoicings which are to take place on account of the peace, are to be held at Moſcow; in conſequence of which, the empreſs has declared her intention of going to that city, with the whole court, the 5th of this month, and has invited the foreign miniſters to come there likewiſe."

SWEDEN.

Stockholm, Sept. 20. "The king has ordered three hundred tons of meal to be delivered to the miniſters of this city, to be by them diſtributed among the poor of their reſpective pariſhes."

Elſineur, Sept. 27. "We learn from letters juſt received from Carlſcroon, that the king of Sweden arrived there the 20th of this month, when a man of war of 70 guns was launched in his majeſty's preſence. There are two others, of 60 and 70 guns, now on the ſtocks at that place, where, but a ſhort time before the arrival of his Swediſh majeſty, two ſhips of the line of the ſame rate were launched."

ITALY.

Turin, Sept. 14. "The diſpute which ſubſiſted between the court of Sardinia and that of Great Britain, on account of Mr M'Namara's daughter, who was intruſted to the care of the counteſs of Lozelli, of Nice, is at laſt terminated. This is the proſelyte whom the biſhop of Nice abjured, confeſſed, and adminiſtred the ſacrament to, at the age of nine years three months, which conduct, approved by the caſuiſts of Turin, though contrary to the canons of the church of Rome, has been condemned by the Pope, and all the excommunications and anathema's, *de ipſo facto*, pronounced by this court againſt thoſe who favoured the reſtitution of the child to her parents, have been declared null by the court of Rome; the epiſcopal functions of the biſhop of Nice are ſuſpended during two years, and the caſuiſts and theological doctors of Turin are forbidden to ſupport and countenance ſuch doctrine for the future, under the pain of excommunication. The king of Sardinia intirely diſapproved of the proceedings of his clergy, but he would not take upon him to decide the queſtion without the authority of the court of Rome, that he might give his ſubjects a proof of his ſubmiſſion to the deciſion of that court. His conduct, in this reſpect, has ſo well ſatisfied the court of Great Britain, that it has given him time to make ſatisfaction without any diſputes with his clergy. The girl is returned to Ireland with her mother and ſiſter, and her father remains at Villa Franca, by conſent of the Britiſh court, to execute his engagements."

FRANCE.

Paris, Sept. 30. "We are aſſured that every thing is ſettled for the re-inſtallation of the old parliament, which is to take place at Martinmas.—A ſeal is put on the papers of M. Saurin de B—ſo, well known by being at the head of the corn company, and likewiſe on thoſe of all who were concerned and intereſted in that affair.

"Notwithſtanding the repreſentations of M. Turgot, it is at length determined that the coronation ſhall be at Rheims; and it is fixed for the 20th to the 25th of June next. However neceſſary œconomy may be, it was the opinion of a council, at which his majeſty preſided, that it ſhould not be uſed in ſuch an object as the coronation of a king of France."

AMERICA.

Williamſburgh, Virginia, Auguſt 5. "Laſt night an expreſs arrived from Pittſylvania county, who brings the melancholy intelligence, that ſeveral families have lately been cut off at Sinking Creek, or the line between this colony and N. Carolina, by parties of Choctaw, Shawaneſe, and Delaware Indians; and it was reported there, that ten nations had leagued to go to war againſt the ſettlements, ſome of them very powerful. We hear the expreſs was ſent by colonel Gordon at Pittſylvania, is requeſting a ſupply of arms and ammunition (of which, it ſeems, the back inhabitants are in great want), the young men there having declared their readineſs to go in their country's defence, and for the protection of their properties and friends from the cruelty and depredation of the ſavages. Lord Dunmore, at the head of 1500 men, is marched againſt the enemy Indians."

Williamſburgh, Aug. 18. "By an expreſs from the frontiers we learn, that col. Macdonald had juſt arrived from Wahatomakie, a Shawaneſe town on the Muſkingham, which he has deſtroyed, with all the plantations round it, taken three ſcalps, killed ſeveral of the Indians, and made one priſoner, with the loſs of only two of his people and ſix wounded; and that an expedition is planned againſt ſome of their towns, which, if ſucceſsful, will probably put an end to the war. Several parties of Indians are daily ſeen

on this ſide of the Alleghany mountains; but they have done but little miſchief of late, except ſcalping one family on the head of Cedar Creek."

Extract of a letter from Baltimore to a gentleman in Philadelphia, dated Aug. 11.

"A gentleman of veracity and character, juſt arrived from Barbadoes, gives us the following account: That the planters and gentlemen of that iſland greatly applauded the reſentment ſhewn by the North American colonies to the Boſton port bill; and that, inſtead of being alarmed at the reſolves made by ſome colonies to ſtop our trade to the Weſt-India iſlands, they unanimouſly declare we ought to do it, rather than ſubmit to the arbitrary dictates of a miniſter; and that, for their parts, they are willing to live on yams, and ſuch other vegetables as they can raiſe or ſubſiſt on, rather than ſee America ſubmit to ſlavery."

Boſton, Aug. 28. "On the 23d inſtant, the governor publiſhed the following proclamation:

"Whereas certain hand-bills have been paſted in ſundry places in the town of Salem, calling upon the merchants, freeholders, and other inhabitants of ſaid town, to meet at the town-houſe chamber on Wedneſday next, at nine o'clock in the morning, to conſider of, and determine upon, meaſures for oppoſing the execution of divers late acts of parliament.

"And whereas, by a late act of parliament, all town-meetings called without the conſent of the governor (except the annual meetings in the months of March and May) are illegal.

"I do hereby ſtrictly prohibit all perſons from attending the aforeſaid, or any other meeting not warranted by law, as they will be chargeable with all the ill conſequences that may follow thereon, and anſwer the ſame at their utmoſt peril.—Given at Salem, Aug. 22. 1774.

T. GAGE."

The following is an authentic copy of a letter, which was thrown into both the camps, on Monday night laſt, directed "To the officers and ſoldiers of his majeſty's troops at Boſton."

"It being more than probable that the king's ſtandard will ſoon be erected, from rebellion breaking out in this province, it is proper that our ſoldiers, ſhould be acquainted with the authors thereof, and of all the miſfortunes brought upon the province. The following is a liſt of them. [Here were inſerted the names of ſeveral perſons who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the oppoſition to the meaſures of government.] The friends of your king and country, and of America, hope and expect it from your ſoldiers, the inſtant rebellion happens, that you will put the above perſons immediately to the ſword, deſtroy their houſes, and plunder their effects; it is juſt that they ſhould be the firſt victims to the miſchief they have brought upon us."

A friend to Great Britain and America."

Boſton, Sept. 1. "On Tueſday, the day the ſuperior court was to be holden here, the chief juſtice, Peter Oliver, Eſq; and the other juſtices of the ſaid court, together with a number of gentlemen of the bar, attended by the high and deputy ſheriffs, walked in proceſſion from the ſtate-houſe in Queen-ſtreet. When the court was ſeated, and the uſual proclamation made, a liſt of the names of the gentlemen returned to ſerve as grand jurors, was preſented to them, and the court appointed Mr Ebenezer Hancock foreman; but he refuſing to be ſworn, and the queſtion being put to them all ſeverally, whether they would take the oath, they one and all refuſed; and being aſked, whether they had any reaſons to offer for their thus refuſing? They anſwered they had, and that they were committed to writing: the court requeſted to ſee them, but the jurors refuſed giving the court the original paper, unleſs they were permitted to read it in the court, or after reading, the court would promiſe to return it to them again.

"The petit jurors were then called for, and a liſt of their names being handed to the council, they appointed Mr Bartholomew Kneeland foreman of the firſt jury, and Mr Nathan Fraſer of the ſecond. Mr Kneeland had the oath propoſed to him, which he declined taking; and being aſked for what reaſon, referred to a paper, which he ſaid was drawn up with their unanimous conſent, and begged leave to read it to the court. The court refuſed to hear the paper read; and the oath was propoſed to each juror in order, and declined as by the foreman. Their reaſons being demanded, they generally referred to the paper, till it came to the turn of Mr Thomas Chaſe, who begged leave to read the pa-

per in his hand, but was told by the chief juſtice that he might give his own reaſons without reading the paper: to which he agreed, and ſaid, that one of his reaſons was, that Peter Oliver, Eſq; chief juſtice of that court, ſtood impeached by the late honourable houſe of repreſentatives of this province, in their own name, and in the name of this province, of divers high crimes and miſdemeanors. Being aſked by the chief juſtice, if he gave that as a reaſon for his refuſing to be ſworn? he anſwered, "Yes, that is one reaſon." The court then called upon another of the petit jurors to be ſworn; but he refuſed, and referred to the paper for his reaſons as aforeſaid.

"The chief juſtice then deſired the court might peruſe the papers, which ſhould be returned to the jurors again; which was agreed to, read and returned. The court then propoſed the ſame condition to the grand jury, which was complied with, and the contents delivered.

"The reaſons of the petit jurors were as follow:

"Suffolk, ſſ. Boſton, Aug. 30.

"To the hon. the juſtices of the ſuperior court of judicature, court of aſſize, &c.

"May it pleaſe your honours,

"We the ſubſcribers, returned by this county to ſerve as petit jurors this term, beg leave to acquaint your honours, that as the honourable Peter Oliver, Eſq; ſtands impeached by the late honourable houſe of commons of this province, in their own name, and in the name of the people of this province, of high crimes and miſdemeanors; which impeachment, with the reaſons therefor, as they are public, would be needleſs for us to repeat.

"We would alſo beg leave to acquaint your honours, that as by a late act of the Britiſh parliament, the continuance of the judges of the ſuperior court, is, ſince the firſt of July laſt, made to depend upon ſaid act, which, it is apprehended, places their dependence intirely upon the crown, and which is eſteemed a great infringement of the charter rights of this province.

"Taking the above premiſſes into our moſt ſerious conſideration, we beg leave to acquaint your honours, that we cannot in our conſciences, from a ſenſe of that duty we owe to our country, to ourſelves, and to poſterity, act againſt the united voice of this people: Therefore beg your honours will excuſe us when we ſay, we decline ſerving as petit jurors for this court.

Signed by 33 citizens."

"After the court had read the papers, the clerk of the court, by order of the chief juſtice, aſked them, *ſeriatim*, if they would be ſworn, and every one refuſed. The court ſaid they would conſider of their reaſons, and the juries withdrew. The court then adjourned till ten o'clock next day, when they met excluſive of Mr Oliver, and, to the inexpreſſible grief of their fellow-citizens, went on to ſuch buſineſs as is uſually tranſacted, without juries.

"There was a town-meeting at Faneuil-hall on Tueſday laſt; and town meetings are now held and calling in every part of the province; for the inhabitants will not ſubmit to the act for prohibiting them. Iſaac Winſlow, Eſq; has declared he will reſign his ſeat in the council."

Annapolis, in Maryland, Aug. 11.

"The committee of Charles county having notice of the arrival of the brigantine Mary and Jane, capt. George Chapman, in St Mary's river, St Mary's county, from London, with tea ſubject to the payment of an American duty, part of which the committee ſuſpected was deſigned to be landed in this county; requeſted capt. Chapman (then in Charles county) to attend the meeting of the ſaid committee; in conſequence whereof, the captain attended and gave information, that a quantity of tea was ſhipped on board his brig at London on the 20th of May laſt, whereof two cheſts were conſigned to Mr Robert Findlay merchant in Bladenſburg, one cheſt to Mr Robert Peter of George town, merchant, and the remainder to ſundry merchants in Norfolk, Virginia; that the conſigners of the ſaid tea, before the ſhipping thereof, were acquainted with the paſſing the Boſton port bill, and alſo of the ſenſe of America reſpecting the conſequences of receiving tea ſubject to duty impoſed by the Britiſh parliament, payable in America for the purpoſe of revenue; that he had received the duty in London for the tea conſigned to Mr Findlay, with direction to pay the ſame to the collector here on his arrival, but that no money was delivered to him in London to pay the duty on the other tea on board the veſſel.

"Mr Robert Findlay, at the desire of the committee, also attended, and having fully and satisfactorily exculpated himself of any intention to counteract the resolutions of America by orders for the said tea, the same being sent by him to his correspondents last fall, declared his inclination to do with the tea whatever was thought reasonable by the committee of this or any county; the committee thought proper, as Mr Findlay was concerned in a store kept in Charles county, to acquaint him and capt. Chapman that the said tea ought not to be landed there, or in any other part of Maryland, and that any attempt to land the same in this county would be opposed by the people thereof. Upon which Mr Findlay pledged his word to the committee that the said tea should not by his order or consent be landed in America, but that he would order the same to be sent back to London; capt. Chapman also promised the committee that he would return Mr Findlay's tea to London, and that he would not land the tea consigned to Mr Peter, but would return the same to London, unless Mr Peter demanded it at his vessel's side, of which (if it happens) he promised immediately to inform the committee of such county as should be most convenient. The committee having transmitted intelligence of this transaction to the neighbouring counties and Norfolk, thanked capt. Chapman and Mr Findlay for their candid and upright conduct in this affair."

New York, Aug. 13. "We are informed that the Indians were greatly alarmed at the sudden death of Sir William Johnson, baronet, during the late congress, and proposed sending alarming belts throughout all the nations; but Col. Guy Johnson, his deputy, reassumed business with them immediately after the interment, and has since been appointed to the superintendency by his excellency the commander in chief, till the king's pleasure is known; at which the Indians expressed great satisfaction, and the conference terminated with their sending chiefs from each nation, to use their utmost endeavours for restoring tranquility to the frontward."

POSTSCRIPT *to* FOREIGN HISTORY.

Petersburgh, Sept. 13. "The general in chief, prince Repnin, set out on Sunday last for the army under field-marshal Romanzow, who has been dangerously ill. We are assured that all the officers who had returned hither after the signing of the peace, have received orders to go and rejoin their colours."

Warsaw, Sept. 24. "Field-marshal Romanzow hath notified to the Palatinates of Volhynia and Podolia that he shall take up winter quarters with his army in their districts; and that, in consequence, they must prepare necessary provisions and forage in due time, promising to pay a reasonable price for them."

Cadiz, Sept. 8. "The intendants of the committee of health in this city have received orders from the king, not to permit the ships coming from the coasts of Russia to trade till they have performed the most rigorous quarantine. This order is in consequence of some accounts being received of an epidemical sickness breaking out in Russia."

Lisbon, Sept. 13. "A law was passed the 20th of last June, one clause of which was, that no execution should for the future be taken out against persons really insolvent. A decision of this law, which serves as an interpretation of it, was published here lately, which determines that the people who are actually in prison for real insolvency, and those who are confined for not being able to pay the pecuniary punishments inflicted on them, are to be comprehended in the favourable disposition of this law, and set at liberty.

"Captain Moutray, commander of the English frigate the Thames, arrived here last week, hath declared, that the differences between the English and the Algerines are come to such a point, that the English merchants who were at Algiers had left it by the advice of admiral Denis; and that all the English merchant ships in the Mediterranean were convoyed by the said admiral's squadron to the Cape of St Vincent."

ENGLAND.

LONDON, OCTOBER 8.—to 15.

A paragraph from Rotterdam runs thus:—"The genius of this country, which was famous for satirical prints, has lately, after a long intermission, broke forth in that way. One is circulated here (said to be the produce of a private press at Amsterdam), in which is represented

a child aſleep in a cradle; he wears a crown of orange; the Belgic lion, not rampant, but couchant, is diſplayed at full length over the cradle, and an old fat fellow is rocking it, and lulling the child to ſleep, with a ſong coming out of his mouth, in the Dutch language. The ſenſe of it is, "take your reſt, whilſt I watch over you." This ingenious production of the graving-tool is much taſted here, where the people are by no means ſatisfied with the conduct of affairs. They call the perſon who is ſuppoſed to direct every thing here, and who does nothing, the Dutch lord B—te. The print plainly alludes to the inactive ſtate in which the augmentation, and every other point of conſequence, is ſuffered to remain here."

The great ſupplies of men and ammunition daily ſent from Old Spain to New Orleans, ſituated in an iſland in the river Miſſiſippi, has, it is ſaid, at length rouſed our court, and has induced them to inſiſt on ſome ſpecifications from the court of Madrid on this head; but it is believed that we ſhall receive no further ſatisfaction in this affair than in relation to the naval armaments going on in Old Spain.

The advices brought by the Scarborough man of war are now no longer a ſecret; ſeveral private letters being received ſince that time, which give the ſame information, and which is alſo confirmed by letters brought yeſterday by the mail from New-York. By theſe advices we find, that affairs with the Americans were then in the extremity of confuſion; the ſheriffs and other officers of juſtice have been made to ſign a declaration not to take part, in any way whatever, in carrying the late acts into execution. The lawyers are directed, by notice fixed on their doors, not to meet the judges on buſineſs, upon pain of death; and the parties ſummoned upon juries have refuſed to take the neceſſary oaths; ſo that the courſe of juſtice was, in every reſpect, at a ſtand. Add to theſe, an officer of diſtinguiſhed character, who left England ſome time ago, not being able to get a regiment, appears openly, and not only diſſuades the Americans from any obedience to the late laws, but adviſes them to maintain their rights by force of arms, offering, in that caſe, to head them himſelf. It is but juſtice to the people in this country to apprize them that their fellow ſubjects in America, particularly in the Maſſachuſett's province, are in no leſs than a ſtate of rebellion.——It has been found neceſſary, in conſequence of the above advices, to order an addition to the ſhips to be ſent from Portſmouth and Plymouth to join the admiral at Boſton, and in which will be carried as many land forces as they can take in, over and above their complement."

Yeſterday advices were received, by the Kitty, capt. Davis, from New-England, that the populace, upon ſome provocation, began an attack upon the ſoldiers, who were then in Boſton, and things were in this ſituation when that ſhip came away.

Letters from Boſton of the 15th ult. mention, that the members of the congreſs have met at Philadelphia, and choſen for their chairman the ſpeaker of the aſſembly at Virginia, and were proceeding to buſineſs, but that nothing further was done when the letters came away.

The following may be depended on as an abſolute fact:—All our ſhips and veſſels of war on the American ſtation are at Boſton, the inhabitants of which are 30,000 capable of taking arms, and waiting only for the firſt outrage from the troops to attack them. Four ſail of the line are ordered out immediately, and the twenty gun ſhip that brought the expreſs is gone again to Boſton with diſpatches.

A letter from Boſton ſays, "His excellency gen. Gage has promoted earl Piercy and col. Pigott to the rank of brigadier-generals.

At the final cloſe of the poll on Saturday at Guildhall, for members to repreſent the city of London in parliament, the numbers ſtood as follow:

For	John Sawbridge, Eſq;	5456
	George Hayley, Eſq;	3390
	Richard Oliver, Eſq;	3354
	The Rt. hon. the lord mayor	3096
	William Baker, Eſq;	3096
	Braſs Croſby, Eſq;	1913
	John Roberts, Eſq;	1398

At the cloſe of the poll that day for repreſentatives of the city and liberty of Weſtminſter, the numbers were as follow:

For	Lord Percy	3403
	Lord Pelham Clinton	3245
	Lord Mountmorres	1478
	Lord Mahon	1370
	Humphrey Cotes, Eſq;	86

At a court of directors of the East-India company, held at their houſe in Leadenhall-ſtreet laſt week, it was reſolved, to ſend out no more writers or cadets to India the enſuing ſeaſon. The reaſon of this reſolution is, that the firſt of theſe offices, which has been hitherto conſidered as a fine proviſion, even for the ſecond children of nobility, is, in conſequence of the late regulations, ſo reduced, that the word *writer* (which generally ſignifies a clerk in this country) carries little more than the ſame ſignification there.

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, OCTOBER 20.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman on board of the ſquadron off Boſton, to his friend in Aberdeen, dated Nantaſket-road, Sept. 2.

"New England holds out moſt obſtinately, notwithſtanding hundreds are already ruined, and thouſands half ſtarved. The clergy are continually in their ſermons ſtirring up the people to rebellion; a remarkable inſtance of which happened in this neighbourhood, where the miniſter, to get his hearers to ſign ſome rebellious papers, advanced, with prieſtly hypocriſy, that the ſigning them was a material circumſtance to their ſalvation; on which the deluded multitude flew to the pen with an eagerneſs that ſufficiently teſtified their belief in their worthy paſtor. Not a tenth part of the people of this colony are of the church of England—Anabaptiſm predominates; though there are vaſt numbers of Independents, Preſbyterians, and Quakers. This country is by no means deſtitute of men of ſenſe and letters. I have heard a ploughman argue on the impropriety and tyranny (as he called it) of the Boſton port bill in a manner that ſurpriſed me. —The *For's* behave to us with a civility beyond conception; and the *Againſt's* with that kind of gaiety which at once betrays their opinion and intention. Several attempts have been made, by ſhooting arrows and balls from air-guns at the centinels, to provoke the troops to blows; but that will come ſoon enough when it happens. Smuggling is amazingly increaſed ſince the blockade of this port, and requires all the vigilance of the navy to check it. The price of proviſions is of late greatly raiſed; but I think the food here, whether animal or vegetable, much inferior to that of Old England. We impatiently wait for the reſult of the congreſs which is to be held this day at Philadelphia, as their proceedings muſt determine our meaſures."

The week before laſt, the Providence, capt. Tinker of Newcaſtle, arrived there from Halifax in Nova-Scotia, with timber, and all the emigrants that went out with him who could pay their paſſage back, having met with a great diſappointment, by the country not proving the land of promiſe they expected.

On the 3d inſtant, the Tryal Shallop, capt. Carrol, of Newcaſtle, brought in there the Hawk brig, James Balfour maſter, which he took off Sunderland Point, in Northumberland, on the 1ſt inſtant, having on board 442 ankers of geneva, 20 of brandy, and 10 of rum, 2 bags of raw coffee, and 2 hogſheads of French wine.

Extract of a letter from Peterhead, Oct. 14.

"The Betſey, Henry White maſter, loaded with flax, hemp and iron, from Peterſburgh to Dublin, was lately caſt away on this coaſt, and all on board periſhed. Great part of the wreck was caſt on ſhore in the pariſh of St Fergus, and the greateſt care is taken to preſerve it, for the benefit of the concerned, by order of Mr Ferguſon of Pitfour, the proprietor of that eſtate, and admiral within its bounds, and letters ſent to Newcaſtle and Dublin to advertiſe it."

We hear from Buchan, that the bodies of ſeven of the people, who were loſt off Rattray head, have come aſhore.

The magiſtrates of Aberdeen having received information, that part of the wreck and cargo of the veſſel lately ſtranded at Rattray heads, which was caſt aſhore within their bounds, as admirals, have been embezzled and carried off from the ſhore: one of the magiſtrates went out laſt week and took a precognition thereanent, in the neighbourhood of the coaſt where the wreck happened; and alſo cauſed publiſh advertiſements at all the adjacent pariſhes, offering a reward of one guinea to any perſon who would diſcover ſuch as had been guilty of theſe embezzlements. And it having appeared from the precognition, that John Maſon fiſher in Inveralochy, and one of the fiſhers in Corſkedy, had been chiefly concerned in carrying off part of the ſaid

wreck, as well as that they had been two of the moſt active of a party of fiſhers and others who had violently attacked and endeavoured to deforce the guard upon the wrecked goods, a warrant was immediately iſſued by the magiſtrates, as admirals of the bounds, for apprehending and impriſoning both theſe fiſhers, until they ſhould be tried therefor; in conſequence whereof, Maſon was impriſoned at Aberdeen upon Thurſday laſt, and his companion is daily expected to be brought there.

On Thurſday ſe'en-night the right hon. Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart. made a preſent to the univerſity of Glaſgow of the following antiquities, which were found in his eſtate of Caſtlecarry.

A figure of Fortune, with a wreath upon her head, a Cornucopia in one hand, and a Clavus Trabalis in the other.

A Columnar Altar of free ſtone, with this inſcription upon it:

FORTVNAE.
VEXILLA
TIONES.
LEG. II. AVG.
LEG. VI. VIC.
P. S. P. L. L.

A large ſtone, with a Parthian Shield at each end, and this inſcription in the middle, but a mark for Mille Paſſuum.

IMP. CAES. T. AEL. AN.
AVG. PIO. P. P. COHORS
I. TVNGRORUM
FECIT.

Theſe, with a mutilated altar, inſcribed DEAE, &c. were depoſited in the college, where there are many ſimilar monuments of the Roman manners and empire.

On Tueſday ſe'en-night, the reverend ſynod of Glaſgow and Air met at Glaſgow, where, after an excellent ſermon, preached by the rev. Mr William Anderſon miniſter of Gorbals, late moderator, they made choice of the rev. Mr Thomas Randal, one of the miniſters of Glaſgow, for their moderator. The only buſineſs of a public nature, which came before them, was a proteſt and appeal taken by the people of Cambuſlang againſt the procedure of the preſbytery of Hamilton, in ſettling Mr Meek as miniſter of that pariſh, notwithſtanding objections were made againſt his doctrine by ſome elders, &c. of that pariſh. The appellants complained againſt the preſbytery, that they had refuſed a proof of the objections, would not take in the appeal, nor grant extracts. The ſynod found that the preſbytery of Hamilton did wrong in refuſing to take in the appeal, and give extracts: and remitted the cauſe to the preſbytery, to be tried by them upon the footing of a libel againſt Mr Meek if the appellants ſhould ſerve him with one; and, if they thought themſelves leaſed, that they ſhould appeal to the ſynod, and the preſbytery were ordered to give them extracts for that purpoſe. Againſt which ſentence the preſbytery of Hamilton proteſted, and appealed to the general aſſembly.

We hear from Falkirk, that there was a great quantity of cattle from the Highlands at the October tryſt held laſt week: all the Argyleſhire cattle, and part of the cattle from the north Highlands, were ſold off at very high prices. What remained unſold proceeded for England.

On Thurſday the 13th inſtant, came on at Air, the election for a knight of the ſhire, when Sir Adam Ferguſon, baronet, of Kilkerran, was choſen by a majority of thirteen voices.

From the manœuvre of the Magiſtrates and Town-council in ſigning a letter on the night of their election (three council deacons excepted), inviting Sir Lawrence Dundas again to ſtand candidate for the city, it was natural to conclude that the election would have proceeded ſmoothly, and without the leaſt oppoſition: Matters, however, took ſomewhat a different turn.—The following is a copy of the letter above mentioned.

"SIR, *Edin. Oct.* 4. 1774.

"We take the earlieſt opportunity, after our election, to expreſs our entire approbation of your conduct as repreſentative in parliament for this city; and to deſire that you will ſtand candidate at the enſuing general election, in which you ſhall be ſupported by our votes and intereſt. We have the honour to be,

"SIR,

"Your moſt humble ſervants,

To Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart."

At one o'clock on Thurſday laſt, the council met, in order to chuſe a repreſentative in parliament for this city, when Sir Lawrence Dundas was nominated as a proper perſon; but three of the deacons entered a proteſt againſt him, as being unqualified, on account of bribery; in evidence of which, they produced a letter, written by Sir Lawrence, to one of his political agents in the diſtrict of

boroughs of Dunfermline, &c. The purport of this letter, we are informed, is, "That he ſhould ſpare no money to get theſe boroughs in his intereſt:—That he might employ Mr ———, as he propoſed, provided he could truſt him:—That he (the agent) ſhould go out to Queensferry immediately, and give them a good dinner, and tell Bailie ———, that it was not col. Maſterton, but Sir Lawrence that was in the queſtion:—That he underſtood the Bailie's inclinations were for col. Maſterton; but the ſooner he declared the better:—That he underſtood *Indian gold* was diſtributing there, and he approved of the agent's giving 100l. to Mr ——— to diſtribute for him; and to give as much at Inverkeithing:—That as col. Maſterton was unable to go about himſelf, it would be neceſſary that ſome proper perſon ſhould be conſtantly employed in going from town to town; and enjoining him particularly to take ſpecial care of two deacons in Dunfermline, and not to be outbid in any of the towns at any rate."

This letter, we are informed, is not the only one that has fallen into the hands of the oppoſition. We hear they are likewiſe poſſeſſed of three or more on the ſame ſubject; but it is thought that this one of itſelf exhibits a very complete ſyſtem of bribery and corruption. It was not addreſſed to any perſon, having been got poſſeſſion of without the cover in which it was incloſed. This letter, the deacons who made the objection, produced, diſqualified Sir Lawrence from ſitting in parliament, by the following clauſe in the act 2 Geo. II. cap. 24. "Any perſon who by himſelf, or any perſon employed by him, ſhall, by any gift or reward, or any promiſe, agreement, or ſecurity for any gift or reward, corrupt or reward any perſon to give his vote, or forbear to give his vote in any election, ſhall forfeit 500l. and be for ever diſabled to hold any office or franchiſe to which he is or ſhall be entitled, as a member of any city, borough, town corporate, or cinque port." It was anſwered, that this mutilated letter, without an addreſs, might be a forgery; and no regard could be paid to it, unleſs its authenticity was proved. The election then proceeded and the votes were,

For Sir Lawrence Dundas,	23
James Stoddart, Eſq; the preſent lord provoſt,	6
Captain Erſkine of Alloa,	3

Capt. Erſkine did not declare himſelf a candidate till Wedneſday evening, when he ſent a copy of the following addreſs to every member of the town-council.

To the lord provoſt, magiſtrates, and town-council of Edinburgh.

My lord provoſt and gentlemen,

"I was in hopes that ſome man of more weight and conſequence than myſelf, would, before this time, have offered you his ſervices. But the election coming on to-morrow, and no perſon having appeared but Mr David Loch and your late repreſentative, the latter of whom chuſes you ſhould ſolicit him rather than that he ſhould ſolicit you; I take the liberty of aſking your votes and intereſt on this occaſion.

"I am ſenſible there are many gentlemen who have far better pretenſions than I can claim; and I would never have given you the trouble of this application, if any proper attempt had been made to reſcue the capital of Scotland from the ignominy of being dictated to by the agents of Sir Lawrence Dundas.

"If I am judged worthy of this important truſt, I ſhall execute it, as far as in me lies, with fidelity and with honour. The intereſt of my country in general, and of this city in particular, ſhall be my only rule of conduct. If any law ſhould be propoſed in the enſuing parliament affecting the city of Edinburgh, you may depend on having the earlieſt intelligence of it from myſelf.

"I will never hold out offices, either *ſpiritual* or civil, as bribes to others, for committing a breach of truſt; nor will I put it into the power of any man to accuſe me of a breach of faith. It is my firm opinion, that whoever is capable of acting in this manner, is totally unworthy of repreſenting this city, or indeed any part of the kingdom.

I have the honour to be,

My lord provoſt and gentlemen,
Your moſt obedient, and
Moſt humble ſervant,
J. Fr. Erskine.

Copy of a Letter from Mr David Loch, *to the Lord* Provost *of* Edinburgh, *dated Oct.* 14. 1774.

My Lord,

YOUR conduct yeſterday muſt point out to the inhabitants the freedom and liberty they are to enjoy under your adminiſtration, to turn out to the door

one of the king's ſervants, a notary, with witneſſes, coming to proteſt againſt your illegal and unwarrantable proceedings, ordered by me, an older burgeſs and guild brother of the city of Edinburgh than you, or I believe any of the members of the preſent town council—That has carried on more trade at the port of Edinburgh than your lordſhip and all the council—That he has paid more to the public revenue, and to the city revenue, theſe thirty years paſt, than your lordſhip and all the council—That has employed more ſhipping, and conſequently ſailors, theſe uſeful people to the ſtate, than your lordſhip and all the council—That has been more concerned in public companies, in and about Edinburgh, than your lordſhip and all the council—That has contributed more to the public buildings, and to every ſcheme to promote the proſperity and welfare of Edinburgh, than your lordſhip—That has been oftener a member of the royal burghs, and of other public aſſemblies, than your lordſhip; and much better acquainted with the manners, humours, and ſituation of the people—who has reſided among the active and buſy part theſe thirty years paſt.

Your lordſhip muſt anſwer at the bar of the houſe of commons for ſuch procedure; and I hope to reduce your haſty election, and have a poll of the people for the man beſt qualified for the important truſt, to repreſent this great and populous city, at a time when all the neceſſaries of life are ſo high, and trade ſo low.—I have the honour to be, with reſpect, your lordſhip's moſt obedient ſervant,

D. LOCH.

On Monday the right hon. Sir Lawrence Dundas arrived in town. Yeſterday he waited on the magiſtrates in the council-chamber, and was received by them as the repreſentative for this city in the enſuing parliament. He afterwards dined with the magiſtrates and town-council in Fortune's, where an elegant entertainment was prepared for him at the city's expence.

It is thought the *Grenvillian law*, which was made perpetual laſt ſeſſion of parliament, will be productive of the beſt conſequences, as no member found guilty of bribery and corruption, however great his intereſt may be, will now be allowed to keep his ſeat, and the conteſted elections will meet with the moſt impartial juſtice.

On reading an Account of the late POLITICS *of* TWO GREAT CITIES.

WHAT, JOHN WILKES *Lord Mayor!*—
'Tis ſhame and diſgrace—
He ſhould been *exalted* to ſome *higher* place—
"Some *higher!* d'ye ſay?"—Yes, and I hope you'll agree,
Seven years ago, Sir—upon *Tyburn* tree.
What a contraſt there's now 'twixt EDINA and LONDON!
Tho' truly 'tis hard to ſay which is moſt *undone*;
For *there* they the greateſt of *raſcals* advance;
But *here* they wont give honeſt men the leaſt *chance*.
Wilkes and *Liberty yonder* reſounds thro' each ſtreet,
Here *Slav'ry* keeps honeſt men out of each *leet*.

Edin. Oct. 18. PHIL-ELEUTHERUS.

We are informed, that on Saturday laſt five giddy-headed young fellows, with loaded guns, were trying their dexterity in the military way on the links of Leith; on purſuing the enemy, as they termed it, the foremoſt kneeled, while the others fired over his ſhoulders: this they repeated ſeveral times, when a young girl, not nine years of age, unhappily paſſing their line, ſome of them happened to diſcharge their pieces, which wounded her in the arm and ſide of the head in a ſhocking manner; upon which they made off without attempting to afford the infant the leaſt relief: and had it not been for a woman drying cloaths on the links, who run to her aſſiſtance, ſhe muſt have expired on the ſpot. We have not heard whether the girl is yet out of danger or not.——The young rogues are not however detected.

This forenoon came on the election of a member for the county of Edinburgh. The candidates were Mr Henry Dundas ſolicitor, and Sir Alexander Gilmour, when Mr Dundas carried it by a great majority.

BIRTH.

Oct. 15. At Dryden, near Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart of Carnwath, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

Sept. 21. At Rome, his holineſs the Pope. His name was Francis Laurentius Ganganelli. He was born at St Angelo, in the duchy of Urbino, Oct. 21. 1705, elected Pope May 19. 1769, and took the name of Clement XIV. [Vol. iv. P. 346.]

Oct. 4. At Dorcheſter, Dr John Gordon of Hayfield in Jamaica, a man of uncommon benevolence and extraordinary generoſity, which makes his death regretted by all who knew him.

— At Deptford, John Greenleaf, commonly called Lord Greenleaf, a fidler, who, by playing of country dances at hops, fairs, &c. had amaſſed a fortune of 3000l. Upwards of 600 people attended his funeral. Few ſons of Orpheus in higher life die ſo rich.

11. At his houſe of Pitmedden, Sir William Seton of Pitmedden, Bart. He is ſucceeded by his brother, now Sir Archibald Seton, a lieutenant in the navy.

16. At London, Mrs Winn, wife of the hon Mr Baron Winn, and daughter of the late Sir Rowland Winn, Bart. of Noſtell in Yorkſhire.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Fergusſon, well known in the literary world for his poetical abilities.—To attempt a character of this youthful bard muſt be a vain eſſay, as it would be equally difficult to do juſtice to his merit. No colours but his own could paint him to the life, and we know none in his line of compoſition capable to ſketch him out. His talent of verſification in the Scots dialect has been exceeded by none, equalled by few. The ſubjects he choſe were generally uncommon, often temporary. His images and ſentiments were lively and ſtriking, which he had a knack in cloathing with the moſt agreeable and natural expreſſion. Had he enjoyed life and health to a maturer age, it is probable he would have revived our antient Caledonian poetry of late ſo much neglected or deſpiſed. His *Hallow-fair*, *Edinburgh Eleſſion*, and *Leith races*, are maſter-pieces in this ſtile, and will be laſting monuments of his genius and vivacity.—For ſocial life, he poſſeſſed an amazing variety of qualifications. With the beſt good-nature, and a great degree of modeſty, he was always ſprightly, always entertaining. His powers of ſong were very great in a double capacity. When ſeated, with ſome ſelect companions, over a friendly bowl, his wit flaſh'd like lightning, ſtruck the hearers irreſiſtibly, and *ſet the table in a roar*—But, alas! theſe engaging, nay bewitching qualities, proved fatal to their owner, and ſhortened the period of his rational exiſtence. So true is that obſervation of the poet,

Great wit to madneſs ſure is near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Yet he found favour in the ſight of Providence, who was pleaſed ſpeedily to call him from a miſerable ſtate of being, to a life of early immortality.—The ELEGY [P. 113.] is the firſt tribute of a brother on that melancholy occaſion.

*** The rev. Mr HUGH ROSE, miniſter of Tain [P. 96.] was licenſed a preacher of the goſpel July 10. 1754, ordained April 15. 1757; then miſſioner at Fort-William. He was from thence tranſported by the managers of the royal bounty to be miſſioner in the pariſhes of Creich and Kincardine May 1. 1758, and was admitted miniſter of Creich and Sutherland Sept. 26. 1759, and from that tranſlated to Tain June 27. 1770; and in all theſe pariſhes, during his miniſtry, his doctrine was univerſally acceptable and ſucceſsful.—To diffuſe the knowledge, and promote the practice of genuine Chriſtianity, was the great end he propoſed to himſelf, which he uniformly purſued by a diligent and faithful performance of the duties of his ſacred office. As a preacher he was agreeable and edifying; and he inculcated the important truths of religion with a propriety and fervency that ſerved to draw the attention, and gain the approbation of his hearers. In his own deportment he exhibited an example of piety void of oſtentation, and was a man of the moſt determined reſolution in what he judged to be his duty, accompanied with Chriſtian mildneſs and condeſcention. In domeſtic and ſocial life he diſplayed all thoſe qualities of the heart that conſtitute the man of real goodneſs. He was a moſt affectionate relation, a ſincere, warm and conſtant friend. Diſtreſs, whenever he ſaw or heard of it, commanded his ſympathy; and the feelings of humanity led him frequently to the abodes of the poor and needy, in order to afford them all the comfort and relief in his power. Hence thoſe tears of unfeigned regret ſhed ſo generally for this worthy man, taken off in the prime of life, and in the midſt of his uſefulneſs. The people of his late charge in particular muſt continue long to lament the event; and this public teſtimony of their eſteem they conſider as a tribute due to the memory of their beloved paſtor.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

WE received MERCATOR and THULE: but, after reviſing, and preparing the former for the preſs, we were obliged to defer the inſertion of it for particular reaſons, at leaſt for ſome weeks.—We ſhall take a review of the latter as ſoon as poſſible.

ANANDIUS came to hand only laſt night, ſo that we have not had time to peruſe him deliberately; but it is probable he will next week read his thoughts in print.

The ODE, it admitted, will require poliſhing.—*Slined* and *ſhineth* are ſcarcely Engliſh.

The ſhort Poems and Tranſlations are not deſtitute of merit: but muſt ſuffer the file.

C. C. IRONICUS, and HAMPDEN in our next, being too late for this Number.

PRICES *of* GRAIN *at* HADDINGTON, OCT. 14.

	First.		Sec.		Third.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat	23	0	22	0	20	2
Bear	20	0	18	6	17	9
Oats	15	0	14	6	13	0
Peaſe	16	0	15	3	13	4